THE LIVING AGE.

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ALTER EGO.

All the morn a spirit gay
Breathes within my heart a rhyme,
'Tis but hide and seek we play
In and out the courts of time.

Fairy lover, when my feet
Through the tangled woodland go,
'Tis thy sunny fingers fleet
Fleck the fire dews to and fro.

In the moonlight grows a smile
Mid its rays of dusty pearl—
'Tis but hide and seek the while,
As some frolic boy and girl.

When I fade into the deep
Some mysterious radiance showers
From the jewel-heart of sleep
Through the veil of darkened hours.

Where the ring of twilight gleams
Round the sanctuary wrought,
Whispers haunt me—in my dreams
We are one yet know it not.

Some for beauty follow long
Flying traces; some there be
Seek thee only for a song:
I to lose myself in thee.

A. E.

THY CHILD.

I am thy child, foolish and small,
  Content with things my fancy weaves;
Somewhere, behind the outer wall,
  The soul judicious sits and grieves.

I grasp at toys and painted things,
  The rainbow bubble takes my eyes,
I am fain of the butterfly's bright wings
  And every radiant thing that flies.

I am not wise: I grasp at toys,
  Poor passing things that break in air;
I am foolish with small girls and boys,
  Playing as a child plays even at prayer . .

What if my folly found Thee kind?
  As Thou wast to the children then?
What if Thy kindness had no mind
  To break my foolish toys in twain?

What if thou, knowing me vain and light,
  Should'st smile and say: So children be.
Oh, if I might go clad in white,
  Carrying a young child's heart to Thee.

Oh, if my folly kept me small,
  Like lambs and children undefiled,
I would not grow a man and tall,
  But be Thy child. Thy foolish child.

Katharine Tynan.

THIS SONG IS YOURS.

This song is yours:
  Take it;—a home-returning bird,
    Whose wings 'mongst storm-tossed plumage hold
The pearly glint of silver hours,
  The murmur of many worshippers which stirred
    Some dream-lit shrine of old.

These gifts it brings
  From journeys made flying far south,
    What are they but memory?—
Such songs the silence sings
  In desert places—the wind's mouth
    Has breathed them to the sea.

Faint notes, no more
  Than wind or flying spray repeat
    An exiled music, wild, divine:—
Now to this homeward shore
  And to thy friend who watches there, beat, beat
    On longing pinions, bird of mine!

To such a land
  So wrapt in quiet, each day falls
    Tender as slumber; listen! Deep
Sighing over white sand
  And through green olive-groves how the sea calls
    In a low voice like sleep.

But lest thou break
  The silence, let thy pinions move
    So delicately, thou shalt come
As in half-sleep to one not yet awake,
  The footsteps of returning love,
    One early morning to thy home.

Margaret Sackville.

THE SUPREME DUTY OF THE CITIZEN AT THE PRESENT CRISIS.

By Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G., etc.

There is but one duty for the British citizen at the present time—men and women, young and old, rich and poor, all alike must place everything at the service of the State. Nothing must be kept back—time, energy, money, talents, even life itself, must be freely offered in this supreme crisis.

While many will admit this proposition without reserve, there may be others who will ask, "Could not this war have been avoided? Was it really necessary for seven European nations, Christian communities, and most of them highly developed, to embark on such a tremendous conflict? Who is really responsible for this stupendous crime against humanity, civilization, and progress?"

These questions demand an answer, and it is presumably because I said to my countrymen, "Arm and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal is at hand," that I am given this opportunity of explaining in the pages of the *Hibbert Journal* the causes of the war and the duty of the British citizen in the present crisis.

I maintain unreservedly that the conflict has been forced upon us by the action of the Pan-German advisers of the German Emperor. The whole resources of the German nation, naval, military, financial, political, journalistic, and educational, have been prepared with Teutonic thoroughness for this struggle.

The German Navy, which scarcely existed in 1900, has been increased with feverish haste, and at times with borrowed money, until it has become so formidable in the North Sea that we have been compelled to concentrate practically all our battleships in home waters, and to entrust our naval interests in the Mediterranean almost entirely to the care of the French Navy.

The German Army was increased in 1912, and again in 1913, to such an extent that the peace strength expanded from about 650,000 in 1911 to 822,000 in 1913; and it is a fact worthy of note that this addition of 170,000 men to the numbers with the colors—an addition just equal to our Expeditionary Force—was made almost immediately after the Morocco crisis of 1911, when the British Government had shown its determination to stand by the side of France against any attempt of German aggression.

Financial preparations included such steps as the increase of the money in the war-chest at Spandau from six to eighteen million pounds sterling, for the immediate expenses of mobilization, and the raising of over fifty million pounds by a special levy on the purses of the well-to-do in 1913. The latter sum was demanded as the initial expenditure required for the increase of the peace strength under the law of 1913, but the whole transaction looked much more like a levy for funds needed for a war in immediate prospect than the ordinary provision by a peaceably inclined nation against a war that might be forced upon it at some future date. At any rate, the fact remains that this sum of fifty millions, though ready for collection, was not actually gathered in by the tax-collectors at the moment when the present war commenced, and was therefore immediately available for war purposes.

The White Paper (Cd. 7595) which appeared early in September, describing an "official German organization for influencing the Press of other

countries," gives some idea of the efforts made by Germany in the way of journalistic preparations for her great campaign against the peace of Europe. As regards educational efforts leading up to the same object readers of the *Hibbert Journal* are probably better informed than myself. It is merely necessary to refer to the names of such writers and speakers as the historian von Sybel, Herr von Heydebrandt, leader of the Agrarian Party, and Herr Bassermann, leader of the National Liberals, of Professor Theodor Schiemann, of Nietzsche, of General von Bernhardi, and of Treitschke.

The political preparations have been as active, but hardly as successful, as the others. One thread runs through these political operations—the desire to upset the balance of power, to break up the present grouping of the Great Powers, to sever Great Britain from France and from Russia.

The Entente Cordiale was established between France and England in 1904: in the following year Germany made an attempt to break up this good understanding. This attempt was foiled, for at the Conference of Algeciras the German representatives found the Great Powers of the world, the United States included, ranged against them.

In 1907 the *entente* between England and France was extended to Russia, the ally of France. In 1908 there appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* the report of an interview accorded by the Kaiser to an American journalist. The text of this interview was, I believe, drawn up in the Foreign Office at Berlin. In it the Kaiser was made to give emphatic testimony to the existence of a widespread feeling of hostility in Germany towards the English people, and other subjects were dealt with. But the main object of the interview was to drive a splitting wedge into the good understanding then recently established between Russia, France, and England. For the world was informed that, at the most critical period of the South African War, "the German Government had been invited by the Governments of France and Russia to join with them in calling upon England to put an end to the war. The moment had come, they said, not only to save the Boer Republics, but also to humiliate England to the dust."

A still more formidable attempt to break up the Entente Cordiale was yet to come. It took place in 1911, and its events are so recent that it is unnecessary to do more than mention the Agadir crisis. But while the events themselves are well known, it is not, I think, generally recognized that the Pan-Germanists considered that the Morocco question remained an open one, and that the position of Germany in Morocco under the last treaty was a better position than it had been under the Treaty of Algeciras.

But the important point to be borne in mind is that the action of Germany in 1911 was another attempt to test the strength of the cord which united France and England, another effort to see whether England would stand loyally by France in a quarrel which seemed to affect France and Germany alone. It fell, as we all remember, to the lot of Mr. Lloyd George to tell the German diplomatists that England would stand by her engagements and would help France if war was forced upon her by a policy of German aggression.

Baffled for the time, the Germans, with an energy and determination which extort our unwilling admiration, set to work again, determined, as it would seem, to carry through by force what they had failed to gain by diplomatic methods. The German Army was rapidly and largely increased, and the world at last sees the purpose for which this great increase of military

force was made. The final effort to sever Britain and France came when the German Imperial Chancellor, who had just returned to Berlin from Potsdam, made the "strong bid for British neutrality" described so clearly in Sir Edward Goschen's despatch of 29th July last. Like all the other efforts, it failed because Britain elected to remain true to her word: she had "sworn unto her neighbor and she would not disappoint him." We cannot be too proud of the spirit which prompted the Cabinet to fling back, without counting the cost of refusal, the cynically brutal suggestion of the German Imperial Chancellor that we should stand idly by while a small nation was crushed and France violently attacked without just cause.

But while it is easy to trace the steps taken by the aggressive leaders of Germany to prepare for this war and to force it on at the first favorable opportunity, it is important to remember that war itself is regarded by German leaders of thought from a viewpoint absolutely different from that held by British and American people generally. In the United States, as in the United Kingdom, war is looked upon as a last resort, to be used only when every other means of settling a dispute has failed. But the Germans have been taught otherwise. They have been led to look upon peace itself as merely a pause in the life of a nation, a pause which should be applied mainly to preparation for the next war. The clearest exponent of this point of view is General von Bernhardi, whose book, translated into English and published three years ago, is only now being generally read by English people. No less than one-third of his book, *Germany and the Next War*, is devoted to the philosophy and ethics of war. It is written in a moderate and temperate style; its tone is judicial; it is marked by evident candor and sincerity. But the burden of it is a praise of war: war, not as an accident, but as a law of nature; not as a necessary evil, but as the source of all moral good.

Bernhardi maintains that Germany has an imperative need of new markets for her industry and of new territory for her rapidly expanding population. Germany, again, is put forward as the apostle of universal culture, as the champion of civilization. He realizes that the assertion of her claims involves the establishment of German supremacy, and naturally such supremacy cannot be attained so long as the balance of power in Europe remains undisturbed.

The General sees clearly that other nations will not accept German supremacy without a struggle, and this again leads him back to the necessity for enforcing German claims by a ruthless war, "a war to the knife." He admits that France is peaceably inclined, but endeavors to prove that England is determined to attack Germany and to destroy her trade; he even goes so far as to suggest that the supremacy of the British at sea is a threat to the independence of nations generally.

The fact that the next war cannot be confined to two countries only, does not deter General von Bernhardi; he foresees that it will not be a humane war, that it will be a long war, and that it will mean political annihilation to one or other side. But the prospect of all these horrors does not deter him: it only makes him all the more resolved to see that his country deliberately prepares to wage this war and carry it to a successful issue.

It is necessary to understand this German view of war, of the use of force as justified in order to establish German supremacy, before we can realize that the present war was deliberately forced upon Europe. Nor

must it be imagined that General von Bernhadi's views are his alone: they are obviously founded upon the views of Clausewitz, Treitschke, Nietzsche, and many others. I will merely quote the opinions of the last named, as summarized by an English admirer, Mr. Chatterton Hill: "Nietzsche tells us that the great man is not he who is in sympathy with his fellows, but he who is capable of inflicting the cruellest suffering without heeding the cries of his victim. . . . You say a good cause sanctifies every war, but I say a good war sanctifies every cause. The great man of the future . . . must necessarily be a criminal, a man who is the scourge of humanity; who in order to realize the expansion of his personality . . . needs great hecatombs in order to attain his object."

This heady doctrine has been preached for years to the German people, who were already suffering from the pride engendered by sudden prosperity. When we realize these facts, we are able to understand the careful preparation for the present war, and the diabolical severity with which it is being carried on.

The diplomatic negotiations which immediately preceded the war are clearly set out in the Parliamentary Papers, Cd. 7467, "Correspondence respecting the European Crisis," and Cd. 7445, Sir Edward Goschen's account of the rupture of diplomatic negotiations.

But it is possible that in some quarters the steps which led to the present grouping of the Great Powers of Europe have been lost sight of. I will endeavor, therefore, as shortly as possible to recapitulate those steps.

We must go back for a quarter of a century, and recall the fact that in 1877-78 Russia engaged in a fierce struggle against Turkey. In the course of this war close on half a million of Russian troops were thrown across the Danube, and some of them, under General Radetzky, actually reached the lines of Tchataldja, so famous in the recent Balkan War.

The power thus shown by Russia appears to have alarmed Germany and Austria-Hungary, for in the following year the two countries named formed an alliance against Russia, in which it was stipulated that, if one of the two empires were attacked by Russia, Austria and Germany were bound to stand by each other with the whole of the armed forces of their empires.

Bismarck's next step was to try to secure the adhesion of Italy, and he succeeded in this by encouraging France to establish herself in Tunis. Tunis stands not twenty miles from the sight of the ancient Carthage, and this action on the part of the French naturally caused alarm to Italy. She therefore, no doubt with some reluctance, became the third member of the Triple Alliance.

France and Russia replied by forming the Dual Alliance in 1896, but Great Britain, strong in the possession of unchallenged naval supremacy, remained in a state of "splendid isolation." This lasted until the events of the Boer War revealed to our statesmen that we had not a friend in Europe. We discovered at the same time that the military forces obtainable under the voluntary system of enlistment were severely strained by a struggle with two small Dutch States in South Africa. It was within a week after the war had begun that the Kaiser's cry went up, "We Germans are in bitter need of a strong Navy"; and since then the German Navy estimates have increased from nine and a half millions in 1901 to twenty-three millions in recent years.

When Germany, already the possessor of an immensely powerful Army, set to work to build up a Navy "of such a strength that a war, even against the mightiest naval Power,

would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that Power," British statesmen were naturally alarmed. They had not only this action to alarm them, but they had discovered, as I have already said, that our military forces were inadequate and that we had not a friend among European nations. It was evidently time to reconsider our policy of "splendid isolation."

The agreements between Great Britain and France were signed in London on 8th April 1904 by Lord Lansdowne and M. Paul Cambon, and this adjustment of difficulties with a neighboring Power received the cordial approval of politicians of both the great parties in England. Two years later, when the present Government came into power, our foreign policy was consigned to the capable hands of Sir Edward Grey. He not only confirmed and continued the policy of the Entente Cordiale with France, but extended it by entering into a similar agreement with Russia, the ally of France.

This good understanding between Great Britain, France, and Russia was completed in 1907, and it was then hoped that a proper balance of power had been established in Europe, for these three Powers of the Triple Entente appeared to form a good counterpoise to Germany, Italy, and Austria-Hungary, the three Powers of the Triple Alliance.

This grouping of the Powers was, on the side of the Triple Entente Powers at least, an earnest attempt to ensure peace. To impartial students of recent events it is clear that France has not, for many years past, contemplated any war either for revenge or glory, and she certainly did not look for expansion or territory in Europe. Great Britain had all the territory she needed; her obvious need was peace in which she and her Daughter Nations should have leisure to develop the resources of the vast territories they already possessed. Her refusal to add a man to her army, while Russia, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and other Powers made large additions to their military resources, showed clearly that she did not contemplate or desire war.

Russia, who had stretched her hands out too far, had suffered loss of prestige in the Manchurian war, and had settled down to the development of the resources of Siberia, and to the institution of political reforms. But this very grouping of the Powers, designed for the preservation of peace, seems only to have helped to drag the nations of Europe one after the other into war. For when Austria delivered an impossible ultimatum to Servia, Russia felt bound to defend Servia against extinction by her more powerful neighbor. As soon as Russia mobilized, Germany, acting on the treaty of 1879, took her stand by the side of Austria. France was then brought into the orbit of the conflict, for by the terms of the Dual Alliance she had to stand by Russia. When France was drawn in, we became involved, for, owing to the great strength of the German Navy, concentrated in the North Sea, we had been obliged to withdraw our battleships from the Mediterranean, entrusting the defence of our interests in that sea to the care of the French Fleets. As soon as she was menaced with a German attack, France appealed to Great Britain, and the French Ambassador received from Sir Edward Grey an assurance that if the German Fleet came into the Channel, or through the North Sea, to undertake hostile operations against the French coast or shipping, the British Fleet would give all the protection in its power. The British Government could do no less, for, trusting to the good understanding between ourselves and the French,

the latter had placed practically the whole of their Fleet in the Mediterranean.

But the actual cause of our declaration of war against Germany was the violation by Germany of the neutrality of Belgium, although Prussia, together with France, Russia, and ourselves, had actually signed in 1839 the Treaty of London, which guaranteed the integrity and the neutrality of that little kingdom. Nothing illustrates the attitude of German thought towards war better than the extraordinary speech of the German Imperial Chancellor in the Reichstag on 4th August. In it he said: "We were compelled to override the just protest of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon our military goal has been reached."

He obviously considered that the attainment of military ends justified a flagrant breach of international law. This was no slip; it was clearly the ingrained attitude of the Imperial Chancellor's mind as to what was permissible in war, and when Sir Edward Goschen went to see him before leaving Berlin he was subjected to a scolding which lasted for twenty minutes. In his harangue Herr Bethmann-Hollweg spoke of "neutrality" as a word which was "often disregarded in war-time," and asked whether, for "a scrap of paper," Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired to be friends with her. It is not necessary to go in detail through the letters and telegrams, one hundred and sixty in number, which make up the "Correspondence respecting the European Crisis." An excellent summary of these documents appears in the September issue of the *Arbitrator*, the official journal of the Arbitration League. A careful reading of these documents, we are told, justified these conclusions:—

I. The Austro-Hungarian ultimatum to Servia was framed so as to make its acceptance as difficult as possible—indeed, practically impossible for an independent State.

2. That Sir Edward Grey was prompt and full of resources in his efforts to find a peaceful solution. His early suggestion of a Conference of the Powers provided an honorable way out for both Austria and Russia.

3. Germany held the key of the situation all the time, and the refusal of the Kaiser's Government to use the collective machinery of the Powers is the cause of the war. Sir Edward Grey succeeded with Italy, France, and Russia, but failed at Berlin.

4. It is clear that the violation of the neutrality of Belgium was in the original plan of the German Government; and, though they were willing to give assurance as to the ultimate integrity of Belgium, they meant at all costs to march troops through it.

When the Committee of a Society such as the International Arbitration League are forced to give public utterance to such conclusions as the above, the case against Germany seems proved.

As to our own reasons for going to war, they were given officially by the Foreign Office in the following terms:—

"Owing to the summary rejection by the German Government of the request made by His Majesty's Government for assurance that the neutrality of Belgium would be respected . . . His Majesty's Government has declared to the German Government that a state of war exists between Great Britain and Germany as from 11 P.M. on August 4th.

The Prime Minister on August 6th explained in the clearest terms our reasons for going to war. "If I am asked," he said, "what we are fighting for, I can reply in two sentences. In the first place, to fulfil an honorable obligation. . . . Secondly, we are fighting to vindicate the principle that

small nationalities are not to be crushed, in defiance of international good faith, by the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering Power." No nation which has been constrained to draw the sword could wish for a better cause than is here set down. How proud a thing it is for a nation to stand up as defender of its own faith and as a champion of the oppressed, especially when there is the clearest proof that those responsible for its foreign policy made every conceivable effort to secure a peaceful solution of the difficulties which had arisen!

These, then, are the spiritual ideas which underlie this terrible conflict, and they should lead every British citizen to devote all his means, energy, and even life itself, to bring the war to a successful conclusion.

These aspects of the war, strong in themselves, are reinforced by material considerations. The struggle, commenced in support of high ideals of honorable obligation, of a noble resolve to succor and protect a brave but feeble State, has resolved itself into a struggle for self-preservation. For let there be no mistake on this head: if Germany wins in this war, it means the downfall of the British Empire. For the present struggle, renewed in different shape at the commencement of the twentieth century, is but a revival of struggles waged by England towards the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century under Queen Elizabeth. This struggle began again in the early years of the eighteenth century, when British armies fought for twelve years on the continent under Marlborough. It was revived at the end of the eighteenth century, and continued until June 1815, when it was brought to an end by the decisive battle of Waterloo.

This struggle has always the same underlying motive—*viz.* the determination on the part of England that no single State shall be allowed to upset the balance of power and to dominate the western half of Europe. As soon as any State attempts this, and then gains possession of, or tries to establish itself in, the Low Countries, then England is compelled to take up arms.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign Spain was the powerful and aggressive nation of Western Europe, and she was established in the Netherlands; and when the Great Armada sailed the chief design of the whole operation was that this powerful fleet should gain command of the English Channel, pick up the Duke of Parma's trained veterans in the Low Countries, and escort them to the English coast. The real menace to England lay in the fact that Spanish power was established in the Low Countries. The main purpose of Marlborough's famous campaigns was to check the ambitious designs of the French under Louis XIV., and the great battles of Ramilies, Malplaquet, and Oudenarde were fought in the Low Countries.

The war against the French Republic was undertaken because the French had seized the mouths of the Scheldt: the fighting began in Flanders in 1793, and ended at Waterloo, a few miles south of Brussels, in 1815.

At the beginning of the twentieth century we find ourselves engaged in a colossal struggle against Germany, for she is now the strong and aggressive Power which seeks to dominate the western half of Europe, and has, we hope only for a time, established herself in Belgium.

If Germany succeeds in maintaining her hold on Belgium, Holland and Denmark will pass under her sway. Then her seaboard will extend in one unbroken line from Memel, along the southern shore of the Baltic, round Denmark, and then by Holland and Belgium to the shores of the English

Channel itself. In Holland and Belgium she will find great naval bases close to our own shores. The hardy sailors and fishermen of Denmark and Holland—seamen little, if at all, inferior to our own—will be taken to man the warships of the German Navy, and the naval competition between Germany and ourselves will become many times more severe than it is at present.

It is conceivable that on such terms the preponderance of naval power might pass from ourselves to Germany, and then our enemy would be able to pass soldiers over the English Channel with the same ease as we have sent troops to France, almost from the day that war began.

In short, the success of Germany, which necessarily involves the crushing of France, would compel us either to undertake naval and military burdens which would soon become intolerable, or else, refusing such burdens, we should sink to the level of a third-rate Power, trembling at the Kaiser's nod.

And for the United States of America what would the triumph of Germany mean? What would be the naval burden thrown on the United States if the Kaiser became in stern reality what he once styled himself in an irrepressible outburst of vanity—the Admiral of the Atlantic?

But the destruction of the proud position of England, the loss of her naval supremacy, would lead to the disruption of the British Empire.

For the British Isles are the heart of the Empire, parts of which are scattered all over the face of the globe. These scattered portions of the Empire, though sundered by the Seven Seas, are kept together by the British Navy, which guards those seas. Naval supremacy is therefore absolutely necessary for us if we are to maintain the Empire; but naval supremacy we cannot have if France is overcome, and if the naval resources of Denmark, Holland, and Belgium pass into the hands of Germany. As Lord Milner has said: "If Western Europe, with all its ports, its harbors, its arsenals, and its resources, were to fall under the domination of a single will, no efforts of ours would be sufficient to retain the command of the sea. It is a balance of power on the Continent which alone makes it possible for us to retain it. Thus the maintainance of that balance of power is vital to our superiority at sea, which again is vital to the security of the British Empire. But, in order to help to maintain that balance, we require an Army, and no puny Army."

These words were written by Lord Milner in an article entitled "A Civilian View of National Service," and they were part of a powerful plea for universal military training for home defence, which he, like myself and many others, advocated. And we pleaded for it because we saw no other means of getting a sufficient number of our young manhood trained for war in times of peace.

We pleaded in vain, and the war has come upon us, and with it the call for a million more soldiers. This, therefore, is no time for urging the need of universal training; what we have now to do is to respond to Lord Kitchener's appeals for men to be trained *now*. The brave and generous hearts of our young men, who now see the danger which I failed to make them understand, have responded nobly: half a million men have come forward in a few weeks; it is now the supreme duty of every citizen to see that the second half-million of men is furnished with equal promptitude.

There may be some faint hearts which sink when they contemplate the enormous task which we Britons have undertaken in assuming control of one-

fifth of the earth's surface and the care of one in five of all the inhabitants of the world. The Germans, indeed, have made it one of the grounds of their attack on us that we have failed to make the right use of our power. "You are," they say, "like Atlas grown weary of his load. We will snatch the trident from Britannia's grasp and show you how a young and virile nation can rule the waves and the best portions of the habitable globe." The accusation that we Britons are not fitted to continue our Imperial work is absolutely without foundation. Nowhere in the world are there more pushing, more thriving, more virile communities than the self-governing Dominions of Overseas Britain; nowhere in the world is there greater freedom of speech and thought, more democratic government, greater religious toleration, than in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.

Wherever Britons overseas have been given a free hand and power to rule themselves, the best traditions of good government have been, and are being, upheld.

In India, which is to some extent under the control of the British Parliament, such good work has been done for the development of the country, there is such security for life and property, such respect and toleration for the religious and social customs of the people, that impartial observers of all nations have united in a chorus of unstinted praise of British rule in India. Russian, French, and German writers who have been in India have in turn paid tribute to the sympathy, tolerance, prudence, and benevolence of our rule, and loudest of all in praise has been that gifted observer from the United States of America, Mr. Price Collier.

Nor is there any sign that British administrators are tiring of their task, or likely to fail in bearing "the white man's burden." In each new dependency which comes under our care, young men, fresh from the public schools of Britain, come eagerly forward to carry on the high traditions of Imperial Britain. We have only to look at the work done recently in Nigeria, in the Sudan, in Rhodesia, and in British East Africa, to see that as a race the British are, if anything, more capable than ever of carrying on the work of Empire.

This work is performed by those Britons who leave the country, who go into voluntary exile, in order that the "Pax Britannica" and the benefits which accompany it shall be extended throughout the world. Is it not, then, the duty of those Britons who stay at home to fight with all their might in order that the British Isles, the heart of the Empire, may be kept sound and uninjured? Shall we not show to the world that we are worthy to carry on our work, and prove that we are no degenerate descendants of those who, a century ago, "saved England by their exertions and Europe by their example"?

The events of the past few weeks furnish a ready reply. From every corner of the earth where the Union Jack waves come promises of support, demonstrations of loyalty, gifts of horses, food, and other supplies, and, best of all, of stout sons and retainers of Britannia, armed and ready to help in the great fight. What better proof of our fitness as an Imperial race can be produced than the exuberant loyalty of the independent Indian princes and the truly Oriental munificence of their gifts at this time of the Empire's need? Who among us is not proud at this moment when Boer and Briton, so lately opposed in bitter warfare, are taking the field together against the very people who accuse us of being unfit for our great task of Empire?

In this great struggle, therefore, we

are fighting as men determined to uphold the obligations of honor, as stout champions of small nationalities, and as a people resolved to carry on a great task committed to us by Providence. If all these considerations fail to reach the conscience and the mind of any Briton, I have yet one more plea to urge, *viz.* that in this great conflict democracy is on its trial. This is a war between the ideals of political progress and those of reaction. If any man doubt this, let him study the Prussian electoral system, under which it is possible for two brothers in one electoral division in Berlin to elect twice the number of representatives chosen by the 571 electors of the third class.

But not only is this a fight between the systems of rule of the people by the people and rule of the masses by a higher caste: it is also the first opportunity given to the British democracy of showing that it possesses the resolution, the will-power, to fight and to win a great struggle for its existence. The working classes of the United Kingdom have only recently gained their power; the great question at this crisis is: How will they use it? In the titanic struggle against the French Republic and against Napoleon our soldiers fought under the cold shade of the aristocracy, and, though great mistakes were made, yet through the whole of that long-drawn-out struggle the will to conquer never failed. I appeal, therefore, to the working men of this country to show themselves worthy of the power which they hold; and I, who have so often had the privilege of addressing mass meetings of the working classes in our great centres of population, make this appeal with every confidence in the result.

But while I reiterate my appeal for the supreme self-sacrifice required of men who will go and face the foe in the stricken field, I would also ask my fellow-countrymen to accept certain warnings as to what they should *not* do at this crisis.

I would ask them not to be led away by those who say that the end of this great struggle is to be the end of war, and that it is bound to lead to a great reduction of armaments. There is nothing in the history of the world to justify any such conclusion. Nor is it consonant with ordinary common sense. For who would recommend the breaking up of a fire brigade which had justified its existence by the prompt extinction of a dangerous fire? Who would plead for the disbandment of a police force which had just shown its efficiency by capturing and bringing to justice a dangerous gang of burglars? When our Navy and our Army have helped to extinguish the flames of a war set alight by the evil advisers of the German Emperor, when they have brought to justice the German forces which have been used for a burglarous attack on Belgium and France, surely it would be folly seriously to reduce their strength simply because they have nobly fulfilled their dangerous tasks.

Do not let us pay any attention to the foolish prattle of those who talk of this war as the "doom of conscription." If the system of universal service has placed a powerful weapon in the hands of the Kaiser and his advisers, and they have made a bad use of it, we must also remember that a similar system has enabled Republican France to speak with her enemies in the gate, and the Czar of Russia to summon his hosts even from the borders of Mongolia. It is true that the German "nation in arms," founded for the noble purpose of freeing Prussia from the yoke of Napoleon, has been grossly misused. But the remedy for that is not so much the destruction

of a just and honorable institution, as the reform of the political system of Prussia, and the transference of more power to the Prussian people.

Let us not underestimate the power of the great nation of sixty-six million German people who have entered upon this war in the firm belief that they are bound to win. I cannot help thinking that the great task of subduing that nation will begin when we, with our French, Russian, and Belgian allies, have driven the German armies into the heart of their own territory.

The German recruiting statistics for 1912 show that, after taking 300,000 men for the Army and Navy, the Germans had nearly a million men between the ages of twenty and twenty-two who were left untouched and remained in reserve. It has, indeed, been stated that since the war began over a million fresh men have been enrolled for military service in Germany. May I give a word of caution to my countrymen against the unsportsmanlike practice of abusing one's enemies? Let us avoid what Mr. Kipling, during the Boer War, described as "killing Kruger with your mouth." Let us rather devote all our energies to defeating our foemen by the superior fighting of adequate numbers of British soldiers in the open field. With regard to "adequate numbers," I would urge all Britons to read General Sir John French's report of the terrible fighting in the days August 23rd to 26th last. It is a plain, unvarnished tale of days of hard fighting, when disaster was only staved off by splendid exertions of disciplined valor. Early in that despatch is a sentence beginning with the words: "In the absence of my Third Army Corps, I desired to keep the Cavalry Division as much as possible as a reserve to act on my outer flank or move in support of any threatened part of the line." Every Briton should ask himself why, at a most critical moment, the commander of the British forces in the field had only two army corps at his disposal instead of the three corps which make up our full Expeditionary Force?

We may feel sure that those of our countrymen who actually do take the field will maintain the high standard of conduct as well as of valor which our gallant soldiers have set. At the close of my share of the work in the South African War I said that our men had behaved like heroes on the battlefield, and like gentlemen everywhere. This estimate of our soldiers has been fully borne out by their recent deeds; and we may rely on it that this fine example will be followed not only by the Britons who go from this country or from India to the Continent, but also by the soldiers of the Native Army of India. These latter will assuredly reflect credit on their British officers alike by their bravery and by their humanity. We may claim, on behalf of the British Army, that it has the wonderful faculty of fighting its antagonists without making enemies. It may, indeed, be maintained that British soldiers fight in such a noble way that the enemies whom they vanquish become their friends. Let me give examples to illustrate my meaning. When I went to India in 1852, three years only had elapsed since our last campaign against the Sikhs; when the Mutiny broke out only five years later, the Sikhs fought on our side against the mutineers. In 1885, the Afghans, against whom we had fought hard only five years earlier, were ready to take the field with us against the Russians. The Dutch in South Africa, headed by generals who fought against us quite recently, are now fighting on our side.

When we read charges against the German troops, let us remember that

gross charges, absolutely untrue, were brought against our own brave soldiers fighting in South Africa. But whether the charges are true or not, let us keep our own hands clean, and let us fight against the Germans in such a way as to earn their liking as well as their respect.

I will conclude with an appeal that we should go on with this struggle as we have begun it. Let us put aside all else—our party feelings, our private quarrels—and unite under the leadership of our Government. That Government has brought credit to the name of Briton throughout the world because it rejected with scorn the base proposals made that it should abjure its plighted word and stand idly by while its friends were beaten and robbed.

The just indignation displayed by the British Government in reply to these "infamous proposals" has been echoed by Britons throughout the world. The knowledge that we have gone into this war with clean hands, without any idea of enriching ourselves, without any motive but that of standing by our bond, and of defending the right of the weak to exist, has stirred chords of deep feeling throughout the country. The enrolment of nearly half a million men for active service in the space of a few weeks is conclusive evidence that the men of Great Britain are ready at need to help their King and Country. This war may yet prove a blessing rather than a curse if through it our people learn that the State is not something from which we are all to get as much as we can grab by the unscrupulous use of our votes, but represents rather ideals for which we are ready, if need be, to sacrifice our very lives.

But the appeal has again gone forth for men—more men. Another half-million soldiers are yet needed before we can hope, even at a late hour, to place in the field forces at all corresponding to the resources of the Empire.

Two years ago, at a crowded meeting in Manchester, I said to my fellow-countrymen: "Arm and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal is at hand." I claim a hearing therefore when I say to-day: "Arm and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal has come."

The Hibbert Journal.

THE POETRY OF WAR.

I.

We have never particularly resented being called a nation of shopkeepers. It is not as if we had been accused of limiting our business activities to a single trade and (emulating the strange Prussian aspiration) of transforming ourselves into a nation of butchers. We are shopkeepers in the large, sane meaning of the term, and there is nothing derogatory in that description, so long as we make it clear, as we are doing again just now, that our honor is not of the things that we sell.

Shakespeare was a shopkeeper, an unusually capable one; but his partnership in a successful theatrical business did not prevent him from writing some of the greatest poetry in the world's dramatic literature. For shopkeeping in general, a peaceful, useful occupation, is no way incompatible with the pursuit of culture, with the realization of humane ideals, with the living of that finer life of the spirit

which differentiates civilized man from the crude savage whose faith is in brute force, and whose one trade is war. And peoples who have emerged from barbarism do not cease to be fighting men because they have ceased to be fighting men only. America has demonstrated that; France is at present proving it; and for ourselves—I think the native common sense of the British race brought it long since to see the insignificance, the childish absurdity of cultivating fierce moustaches and wearing spiked helmets in order to look dangerous; that sort of thing, supposed in certain quarters to be so brightly up to date, is foolishly behind the times. Even the Chinese know better now than to go on hoping to terrify their opponents by wearing ugly war-masks. Another point in our favor as a race, is that we do not devote our energies to acquiring the goose-step; like sensible folk we are contented to leave that style of locomotion to the bird that is naturally afflicted with it.

For those manifestations of barbarism are obsolete; they are signs of moral and mental degeneracy. German professors have written us down as degenerates because the passion for militarism, the lust of conquest has departed from us and we are no longer moved to pass our lives swaggering in battle array and menacing the goods and lives of our neighbors. I like to think that since we became a lettered, civilized country the arrogant exhibition of courage has not entered into our conception of the competent, heroic warrior.

None of our poets who have themselves been soldiers have blustered about the glory of war. Chaucer fought against France under the banner of Edward III., but there is little that is martial in his poetry, though he tells in gallant fashion of tilt and tourney and the fine doings of chivalry. You remember the Knight in his "Canterbury Tales," how he had shown himself "full worthy" in war; had for his puissance been placed at table above the knights of every other country; yet, as his crowning praise, Chaucer records that, though brave, he was wise,

"And of his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet no villainy ne said
In all his life unto no manner wight:
He was a very perfect gentle knight."

Moreover, into his conception of the Temple of Mars, Chaucer puts nothing of that dignity and splendor of war which might be supposed to appeal to a soldier-poet; it is a "sorry place," he says, and the paintings on its walls are of murderings, assassinations, "open warres," with bleeding wretches in agony, and in the midst sits Mischance,

"With sory comfort and evil countenance."

It is true there is a figure of Conquest painted up in a tower, but as he sits with a sword suspended above him by a single thread it is not to be presumed that his position is worth occupying.

Reading his amatory verses and scholarly translations one would not guess that the Earl of Surrey had soldiered in France. Sir Walter Raleigh, that daring, brilliant hero, never fought with his pen; all his poems are of the amatory, the philosophical or the pleasantly pastoral order; and Sir Philip Sidney, our ideal soldier, made no song that triumphs over his enemies, but wrote the loveliest sonnets to the moon, to sleep, to love, and verses that sigh over the vanity of human things. These and other such seem to be a vastly different type of fighting man from the "blond brute," the professional slaughterer, adored of Bernhardi and the German Kaiser; but we are having an object lesson at this moment in which

is the more effective type of the two.

Our bowmen who won at Crécy and Agincourt were called up from the field, the forge and the workshop to go out and fight for their country; they are called up again to-day from the field, the factory, the desk, the counter and are going out to fight in the good old fashion, and winning in the good old way. All down the ages, so far as one who reads can judge, it has best suited the peculiar genius of our people to maintain a small, thoroughly-trained army in readiness to stem the first onset of aggression, and then to meet the emergency by inviting a free people to join in the defence of their rights and, so far, they have never failed to respond to that invitation, joyously and at once. Two hundred years after Chaucer was dead, you find his ideal of knighthood still living in Ben Jonson's epistle "to a friend, Master Colby, to persuade him to the wars"—an appeal that might well have been written yesterday instead of three centuries ago, so applicable is it to what is happening in our generation:

"Wake, friend, from forth thy lethargy: the drum
Beats brave and loud in Europe, and bids come
All that dare rouse, or are not loth to quit
Their vicious ease and be o'erwhelmed with it.
It is a call to keep the spirits alive
That gasp for action, and would yet revive
Man's buried honor, in his sleepy life,
Quickening dead nature to her noblest strife . . .
Go, quit them all, and take along with thee
Thy true friend's wishes, Colby, which shall be
That thine be just and honest, that thy deeds
Not wound thy conscience when thy body bleeds;
That thou dost all things more for truth than glory,
And never but for doing wrong be sorry;
That by commanding first thyself thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st;
That fortune never make thee to complain,
But what she gives thou dare give her again;
That whatsoever face thy fate puts on
Thou shrink nor start not, but be always one;
That thou think nothing great but what is good,
And from that thought strive to be understood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
Still precious with the odor of thy name;
And last, blaspheme not; we did never hear
Man thought the valianter 'cause he durst swear.
These take, and now go seek thy peace in war:
Who falls for love of God shall rise a star."

Ben was no milk-and-water poet either. In his youth he had fought with our armies in Flanders; he had had experience of war, and you may take it he was addressing, in Mr. Colby, the type of Englishman who shattered the pride of the Spanish Armada, who wrought on the same field as the chivalrous Sidney—men who went out to battle not as ravening brutes, but as free human creatures, who were yet prepared to take up arms and slay or be slain in a cause that they felt was just.

Pass over another two centuries, and the same great ideal of the warrior as hero remains inviolate in Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington":

"Yet remember all He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke:

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with eternal God for power;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right;
Truth-teller was our English Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed."

praise of war by men who have done no more than sit safely at home to think about it; of its regenerating influences on mankind; of how it gives fresh impetus to commerce and fosters the arts. There is some truth in this; but with equal truth you might say as much of religion. Ruskin somewhere sees significance in the fact that spears, shields, helmets, implements of war, were lovingly and richly enchased with artistic decorations, whilst no man has carved images of beauty on the handles of his plough. Whatever significance lay in that fact belongs to the past; it is, in the same way, significant now-a-days that nothing could be more severely unadorned than the modern cannon and rifle. In sober earnest, we are coming to recognize war only as a necessary evil in the human community, and as not the less evil for being still necessary. Men of reason face it now precisely as a rescue party descends a blazing mine, mounts into a burning house, launches the lifeboat into the blind fury of a storm—unafraid, but not glorying. I believe there could have been no enthusiasm roused in this country to-day for an unjustifiable war; our friends and fellow-workers are arming in thousands, not because they love "the sport of kings," or because they are keen after glory or booty, but because we dare not turn aside from the voices of humanity and honor that called to us out of Belgium, as Cromwell called to the French King when the Piedmontese, whom France was pledged to protect, were brutally massacred:

There are reasons of state which might give thee inducement not to reject these People of the Valleys flying for shelter to thee: but I would not have thee, so great a king as thou art, be moved to the defence of the unfortunate by other reasons than the promise of thy Ancestors, and thy own piety and royal benignity and greatness of mind. So shall the praise and fame of this most worthy action be unmixed and clear, and thyself shalt find the Father of Mercy and his Son Christ, whose name and doctrine thou shalt have vindicated, the more favorable to thee and propitious through the course of thy life."

II.

It is such a principle as this, and such emotions as these, that give War nearly all the poetry and glory that may belong to it. There is nothing of either in the raw carnage, in the piles of mangled slain. Albeit, something magnificent there is, apart from every ethical consideration, in the heroic fighting against odds; in a charge like that of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, in any act of high courage in the field; but perhaps the incidents that thrill and uplift us most in the telling are those in which the kindlier, self-sacrificing instincts of men are seen to survive amidst all the barbarity and indescribable inferno of a battle-field. The dying Sidney's little kindness to the soldier who lay wounded beside him at Zutphen, and his quiet self-renunciatory, "His need is greater than mine," are worth nearly all his poetry. The right touch, too, is in each of those innumerable tales of how on a stricken field a man will stop under a hail of bullets to carry a wounded comrade into safety. It is in countless anecdotes of the pres-

ent war: in that of how when a company of British artillery were so decimated that only three of them remained, these three alone worked the gun unflinchingly until relief could be sent to them; in that of how a war-worn troop of Britishers shared their rations with starving refugees; in that of how our seamen sunk the enemy's ships, then lowered their boats to save the drowning Germans. And see how finely one slight act of German chivalry shines against the black record she has elsewhere made for herself. Somewhere along the Marne, a French non-commissioned officer found himself and two hundred men cut off from their regiment and surrounded. He held his ground until he and all his men were shot down; then when the victors came forward the German commander saluted and shook hands with him, and was so keen to honor his bravery that he had him carried from the field with his rifle lying beside him on the stretcher. A trifle, no doubt, but there is a different light about it from that which haloes the ruins of Louvain.

A few days ago I saw the Scots Guards tramping along Cannon Street, from the Tower to Waterloo Station. A sturdy, cheery, martial body of men, they marched past with their band playing, rank after rank, four deep and in such numbers that the band was beyond hearing in the traffic before the last of them went by me; and the most vivid recollection of them that stays with me is of how a wife, a mother, a sweetheart, a brother, a friend marched here and there beside or among the soldiers; particularly of how one bronzed guardsman, a handsome, well set up fellow, marched a little out of the line to make room betwixt himself and his khakied comrade for a fatherly, grey-bearded civilian who had shouldered the soldier's rifle, so as to leave him free to carry his little girl, a child of two, whilst his wife, heavy-eyed and tremulous at the mouth, kept pace with him, linked to his arm. The homeliness of that group in so warlike a setting helped to illustrate in its way all that I have been laboring to express: that all the good and the gracious human qualities are formed and nurtured in peace, amidst the decencies of common, every-day life; that war may on occasion evoke them, but it no more creates them than the night creates the stars.

III.

In the Iliads of Homer you hear "the horror of arms endlessly thundering"— they are a glorification of strength and prowess in battle, untroubled by the niceties of our more complex moralities; and though Chapman claims that there are "piety, justice, valor and royalty eternally shining" in them too, they have certainly little of the kindlier human feeling, the sense of pity, mercy, sorrow for the sufferings of the weak and the innocent, of resentment against man's inhumanity to man that are growing to a louder undertone in the poetical literatures of the modern world.

There is good honest fighting in the brave old Border ballads—"The Battle of Otterbourne," "Chevy Chase," and a hundred others; the clash of good honest fighting, also, and a passionate love of liberty, and a deep and rapturous patriotism in Scott's vigorous romantic poems; a relentless fury of animal courage rages in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome"; and so much of the ancient Adam persists in all of us that we can still exult in such robust clean valor of the valiant men of an earlier day. There is, indeed, an unregenerate sense in which courage and daring are their own sufficient justification, and even if you tell me that Henry V. had no right in France at all, I am so mortal and illogical that, none the less, I must

give my heart to such a glowing fervor of national pride as inspires Drayton's great "Ballad of Agincourt." I am indifferent to what of that sentiment may breathe in his dreary "Wars of the Barons," because they are dreary, but I yield at once before the glorious onrush of his ballad with its breezy opening:

"Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry."

its doughty boast of our English King Harry:

"Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain";

and the rejoicing tribute to the skill and staunchness of the English archers who:

"None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together."

We are not always so happy in our patriotic bards. Thompson was, anyway, not the man to write a great patriotic hymn; he was naturally too sluggish, too placid, too didactic, and if "Rule Britannia" had not been set to inspiriting music it would never have been disinterred from the dead "Masque of Alfred" to which it belongs. Does anybody ever sing more than the first two verses and the chorus of it? Is it conceivable that in these times we should get any thrill out of such a last verse as:

"The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned
And manly hearts to guard the fair."

There is no fire, no spontaneity in this as there is in Burn's fiery, white-hot song of patriotism "Scots wha' hae"; and in the "Marseillaise," which sprang full-armed from the heart that felt it and gathered up into its haunting cadences all the sense of wrongs endured and lives broken, all the rage against tyranny and injustice burning in the souls of a France newly risen and resolved to be free. If the "Marseillaise" for its firm exultant ardor is the greatest of democratic battle-hymns, I would put next to it Julia Ward Howe's noble "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword—
His truth is marching on . . ."

Campbell had the true Drayton spirit, and breathed it into "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic"; and the same splendid spirit shouts in Macaulay's "Armada"; in Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," his "Charge of the Heavy Brigade," and in his ballads of "The Defense of Lucknow," and "The Revenge." His "Hands all Round" may be poor poetry in the main: it is good patriotism; but a greater patriotic and poetical utterance of his is "The Third of February," addressed to the House of Lords in 1852, when there were rumors that Napoleon III. was preparing to attack England, and the Lords seemed disposed, for the sake of peace, to condone the bloody *coup d'état* that had placed him on his throne:

"As long as we remain we must speak free,
Though all the storm of Europe on us break;
No petty German state are we,
But the one voice in Europe: we *must* speak,
That if to-night our greatness were struck dead,
There might be left some record of the things we said.

"If you be fearful, then must we be bold.
Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant o'er.

Better the waste Atlantic rolled
On her and us and ours for evermore.
What! have we fought for freedom from our prime,
At last to dodge and palter with a public crime?"

Always Tennyson spoke stoutly for liberty, for human brotherhood and the rights of men, rejoicing in "England and America" that the Americans, those strong sons of England, had, in 1782, "wrenched their rights" from us, and retaught us the lesson of freedom we had taught them—rejoicing that:

"The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom."

Since Shakespeare we have had no greater patriotic poets than Wordsworth, in his noble sonnets on Liberty, and Tennyson; and the beacon fires they lit are answered along the years by Kipling's "Song of the English" and "The English Flag," by his statelier, nobler "Hymn before Action" and "Recessional"; by Henry Newbolt's "Drake's Drum," "Admirals All," and other of his brave sea-lyrics; by Alfred Noyes's glowing epic of "Drake"; and with a grander flame than all by Henley's:

"What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?"

IV.

Few contemporary poets drew inspiration from our Civil War between King and Parliament. Lovelace, a King's man, wrote gallantly to his Lucasta "on going to the warres":

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more."

and there is that resplendent sonnet of Milton's to the Lord-General:

"Cromwell, our chief of men who, through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

Marvell wrote, none too well, on Blake's victory over the Spaniards at Santa Cruz, though he wrote far finelier than Dryden on the death of Cromwell. There is little else, but later days have made amends, and no period of our history is more honored now in story and in song. One recalls Browning's dashing "Cavalier Tunes," Walter Thornbury's "Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads," Praed's loyalist ballad of "Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor"; but the palm goes to Macaulay's thunderous thanksgiving after "The Battle of Naseby":

"Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the winepress which ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong
Who sat in the high places and slew the saints of God . . ."

Less fortunate in poetry, though sufficiently celebrated in prose, have been the great Duke of Marlborough and the Battle of Blenheim. Prior

commemorated the victory and ridiculed the vanquished in some rather pedestrian satirical verses addressed to his French rival Boileau; meanwhile, Addison produced that famous, frigid poem on "The Campaign," which he dedicated to the Duke—a formal, detailed narrative, a mechanical performance that is scarcely relieved by the one extravagantly-belauded passage describing how his lordship:

"Amidst confusion, horror and despair
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

It is an elegant, flattering picture, this of Marlborough gratified to serve as a sort of orderly officer to Omnipotence; but you need not grudge the Duke his compliment, for by and by, when he died, Swift wrote the satirical elegy upon him that is surely the bitterest, most scathing indictment ever written against war and a successful commander:

" . . . Behold his funeral appears:
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say—
He had those honors in his day;
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died . . ."

A century later Southey takes up the theme, and in his simpler, gentler vein, he too satirizes the Duke and his triumph, in "The Battle of Blenheim," where old Kaspar, sitting outside his cottage moralizing over a skull his grandchildren have picked up from what had been the battle-field, finds himself unable to explain to them why the victory of Blenheim was a great and a famous one. His father's house had been burnt to the ground during the conflict, there was terrible slaughter; but he did not know why the French and English killed each other. Horrible it may have been; it may have been wicked; he can only assure them everybody considers it was glorious:

" 'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.' "

V.

In these days we are coming more and more to little Peterkin's way of regarding this matter of war. We are more insistently asking why it should be a necessary evil among rational Christian peoples: what is the use of it, with its appalling waste of life and money, its nameless brutalities, the weeping, the heartbreak, the desolation that are left in its track, and we grow less and less contented with the reiterated answer of non-combatant professors and philosophers that these are the inevitable ordinary price of glorious victory and that war is a healthful, recurring phase of human progress that is not to be evaded.

We have never been satisfied with this doctrine; it was suspect as long ago as the days of Elizabeth. The pomp and circumstance of war sweeps majestically enough through Shakespeare's historical dramas, and in some of them at times he soars to a poignant ecstasy of martial and patriotic exalta-

tion. Never was love of country clothed in such heart-stirring language as is given to it in the speech of the dying John of Gaunt; and no country has thrown down a more proudly defiant challenge than flashes from the last page of King John:

"This England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror . . .
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue
If England to herself do rest but true."

The clarion note of war echoes throughout Henry V., and then, as in our own time, could be said:

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies"—

and now again on the fields of France, but against another enemy, our captains are exhorting their eager followers, as Henry exhorted his before the walls of Harfleur:

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
. . . Teach them how to war! And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture . . .
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.
The game's afoot: Follow your spirit!"

Yet in the same play there is a hint of compunction in Exeters' thought for

"the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws";

and it is the same seamy side of glory that is looked upon again in the conversation of the common soldiers, one of whom considers, "If the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, 'We died at such a place,' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now if these men do not die well it will be a black matter for the king who led them to it."

Here is the innate sanity of civilized man waking to a lucid interval, the still small voice of reason trying to get a hearing amidst the insensate tumult and chaos of battle. It is only when you are beyond the touch of war and can look upon it from a distance of many years that you are able to see any glamour of romance about it. Byron on the field of Waterloo had no exultant thrill: he saw it but as a "place of skulls," where "the red rain hath made the harvest grow"; and thought of the

"vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,"

that had gone to the making of that Emperor's pride who, as utterly shorn of it all as if he had never possessed it, was then eating his heart out at St. Helena. His withering scorn of the empty folly of the mere conqueror, in the "Ode to Napoleon," and his admiration of America's clean-handed patriot-ruler are things to remember, in this hour when Europe is cursed with a pettier tyrant who is trying to play the part of the dead Napoleonic lion, and betraying himself when he roars.

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the Great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yet one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,

Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
"To make man blush there was but one!"

The grim horrors and shining heroisms of the Crimean War inspire Gerald Massey's "War Waits"; but it is wholly the pitiful side of it, the broken homes, the heartache for the wounded and the dead that moves you in Sydney Dobell's "England in Time of War." For when you aim at the man in battle you are not aiming at him alone. As Longfellow has it, in "Killed at the Ford,"

"I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry."

During the War of North and South that stirred the conscience of America to its depths the Quaker Whittier sorrowed in his poems "In War Time" that a democratic people should have no other than the old-world's barbarous way of settling its differences; saying, as some of us are saying at present:

"The future's gain
Is certain as God's truth; but, meanwhile, pain
Is bitter, and tears are salt: our voices take
A sober tone; our very household songs
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs;
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake
Of the brave hearts that never more shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet."

Whitman, in his "Drum Taps," strode through America's grim Valley of the Shadow in the robuster spirit that was native to him, looking fearlessly to a future that should bring good out of all the evil; and it was another countryman of Washington's, James Russell Lowell, who raised the great rallying cry of all civilized democracies, insisted on the soldier's personal responsibility, and, in the "Bigiow Papers," spoke the plainest truths that have ever been spoken about war and its makers:

"Ez fer war, I call it murder—
There you hev it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testament fer that. . . .
Ef you take a sword and dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Gov'ment ain't to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you."

The same essentially modern note sounds persistently through the realism and the ironic comment of Thomas Hardy's great epic-drama of the Napoleonic wars, "The Dynasts," and through the sombre "War Poems" that he wrote during the struggle of Britain and Boer. He is oppressed with the tragedy of it all—that "this late age of thought" can only argue in the old bloody mode, and marvels:

"When shall the saner, softer politics,
Whereof we dream, have play in each proud land,
And patriotism, grown Godlike, scorn to stand
Bondslave to realms, but circle earth and seas?"

That is the question that is appealing to thinking men once more, and is not lightly to be put by; the one hope in the dark days of the Great War is that its shameful savageries, its unimaginable horrors and woe may shock a civilized world into wisdom at last and, in self-defence, draw its common peoples, of all races and creeds, into a league of universal brotherhood that shall enable them to realize Tennyson's prophetic vision of a day when

"The war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

A. St. John Adcock.

BELOW STAIRS.

By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick,

Author of The Severins, The Staying Guest, Etc.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XXII.

Dane House was not far from Tinker's Green, and Priscilla had taken a place there as parlormaid, in order to be near her father and mother, who were both failing. Till she came she had been at Hampstead with friends of the Digbys, and she had done so well and been so comfortable that her two years there have no history. She was now a trim, pretty young parlormaid who knew her work and had an excellent character. Her love affairs had so far been trifling. She hardly ever saw Ern Spark now, she had almost forgotten Harry Masters, and her romantic, unsubstantial attachment to Mr. Digby was just such stuff as dreams are made of. The rub and tussle of everyday life soon dimmed it, and when she had been three months at Hampstead she was walking out with an artilleryman called Brown. She liked his uniform, but when she found he loved her too much she did not love him. So he was succeeded by a young city clerk, who looked very gentlemanly on Sundays, in a silk hat and a black coat. She met him at Jane's house: for she had taken up with Jane again. At first the clerk had been ardent and adoring, but when he found that Priscilla was in service he cooled off. There was an appointment he did not keep, a frigid correspondence and then the end of that story. A young butcher hardly counts. His manners were too rough to suit Priscilla. She began to say she could not do with men at all, and would never marry. She often met Meadows on a Sunday, and attended suffragist meetings with her. But then, to her amazement, Meadows, the implacable celibate, the manhater, the militant, Meadows herself married. Such a dull, dry parchment of a man too! How she can put up with him! Mrs. Enfield and Priscilla asked each other. Gerty and Lily were both married and living near London, so that when Priscilla found her parents needed a child near them, she was the only one who could go. She was rather sorry to give up her place at Hampstead, but not nearly so much so as her employers were to lose her. A servant rarely attaches herself nowadays, and her Odyssey from one family to another is the only way open to her, since she is poor, of travelling and seeing the world. She knows that marriage, when it comes, will probably tie her for life to a little house within reach of her husband's work. Priscilla, who had some imagination, was often inclined to a bigger venture, to go with a family to India, for instance, or to South Africa, and to look for Tom and Bert—her brothers. Why not?

Her summer holidays, spent with her parents at Tinker's Green, showed her conclusively why not. The old people were very frail and helpless now, and it would make all the difference to them to have Priscilla at hand in case of great need. The mere thought of seeing her often did Mrs. Day more good than the patent medicines she believed in, and bought when she had the money. They were still poor, but not as poor as they had been. The Spillers had departed, and their cottage had been declared unfit for habitation. So Sam Day had a good bit of ground now for a garden, and had learned how to grow vegetables at a profit. Daneswick had increased rapidly, and there was always a

market for what he had to sell. He hawked them round with his poultry, and had regular customers who looked for him and often came to his cottage for what they wanted when his wife's ill health or his own kept him at home.

Priscilla had taken the situation at Dane House without knowing much about the family there. She had just answered an advertisement in *The Morning Post*, and after some correspondence with a lady who called herself Mrs. Boger had engaged herself and gone to Daneswick. There were only two in family as a rule, the lady wrote, but at times her son came home for some weeks at a time. Three maids were kept, and the house was not a large one.

Priscilla knew the house and liked the idea of living there, because it was close to Tinker's Green. She had never been inside it or even seen it well from outside, for it stood well back in its garden. She asked her mother to make inquiries about Mrs. Boger; but Mrs. Day was slow in answering, and Priscilla had to be quick and give the lady yea or nay.

"I can't seem to hear much," Mrs. Day wrote, when Priscilla had taken the situation. "They live quiet and don't use as much butter as they should, Morson said. There's a young lady and an oldish one, and sometimes there's a gentleman. The young lady is Miss Udall, and no relation. I hope you'll get it, as it's so near."

Priscilla got it, and arrived there on a Saturday afternoon at the end of May. She had not heard a word about her fellow-servants and felt more anxious to see them than the family. They mattered more, she considered. One of them, evidently the housemaid, opened the door to her. She helped Priscilla upstairs with her trunk and showed her which would be her bed and her chest of drawers.

"Do we share this room?" said Priscilla, looking round. It was a good-sized attic, with the usual painted deal furniture, iron bedsteads and colored counterpanes, all rather old and battered looking.

"Yes," said the girl; "cook has a room to herself. Her name's Emma, and mine is Dinah. What's yours? Priscilla Day! Then you'll be Day upstairs and Prissy in the kitchen, I expect."

"Oh! indeed!" said Priscilla to herself, for you must remember that she was a full-blown parlormaid now, and Dinah was only a tweeny. She thought Dinah talked too much.

"It's a beast of a place," said Dinah, perching on her own bed and looking on inquisitively, while Priscilla took off her hat and coat and smoothed her hair. "No one stays long."

"Why not?"

"They can't stand her ways. Nigger-drivin' she ought to have taken up as a perfession. She'd have done well at it. If you're ready we'll go down to tea. They're both out this afternoon, so Emma 'as made buttered toast. She'll get in a row to-morrow, but she don't mind. If much is said, she'll give up an' go. And I should not think of staying on without Emma. We're that pally."

Dinah's air became slightly provocative as she went on, because she considered Priscilla's manner irresponsive. She was a stout, rosy-cheeked girl, with fair hair and rather sly light blue eyes. She preceded Priscilla downstairs, threw open the door of the kitchen and, seeing no one there, shouted for Emma at the top of her voice. A small, wizened creature, who might have been any age between twenty and forty, came out of the scullery and greeted Priscilla amiably. She had a large kitchen kettle in her hand.

"You'll be wantin' your tea," she said. "It's all ready."

There wasn't very much to be ready,

Priscilla thought, when she went into the kitchen and saw the table spread with a dirty cloth, the heel of a loaf, a scrap of cheap-looking butter and some cracked thick cups and saucers.

"You said you'd made toast," exclaimed Dinah fiercely.

"I couldn't then. I haven't the butter I want for their dinner," answered Emma. She put a pinch of tea in the brown teapot, filled it up from the kettle she carried and sat down. Priscilla noticed that there was no fire in the range.

"I suppose you cook on gas in the summer?" she said.

"Summer and winter," said Emma. "I been 'ere a year and never seen a fire downstairs, except once, when we 'ad two feet of snow, and I lighted it. Then there was a row."

"Do you mean to say we've no fire to sit by when it's cold?"

"Not a spark."

"We're not supposed to sit in this house," said Dinah. "If you're at work you're warm, says She, and if you're not you should be."

"You've been here a year," said Priscilla, looking curiously at Emma.

"You'll be 'ere a year when you know 'er," retorted Emma. "You'll stay because she wouldn't say a good word for you if you went away."

"But you say no one stays long?" persisted Priscilla, turning to Dinah.

"More anyone does, except Emma and poor little Miss Udall. They're both afraid, they are. I'm not. One of these days I'll give 'er a piece of my mind."

It was depressing; it was dreary: both the meal and the talk that accompanied it. Priscilla almost made up her mind while she drank her tea that she would stay her month and get another character from her last employer. She felt sure they would give her one.

"Who is Miss Udall?" she asked.

"She's got a father out in India," said Dinah, "and she lives here with Mrs. Boger. The money's hers, I believe, but she daren't call her soul her own. I wouldn't be in 'er shoes for all her money. I can pack up an' go when I've 'ad enough."

"My father and mother live just the other side of the common," said Priscilla, addressing the cook. "I think I might just run across there and let them know I've come. I'll be back in less than an hour."

"Please yourself," said Emma.

"You're goin' to wait at dinner tonight, I s'pose," said Dinah.

It was now five o'clock, and Priscilla said she would be back by six, in good time to lay the cloth and then wait on the ladies at dinner. She ran upstairs for her hat and coat, and two minutes later was out on the common amongst the gorse and heather, and in the sunshine. It had not altered a bit here since she was a child. The larks were singing, a cuckoo was calling close by, and swift clouds were scudding across a great open sky. Straight ahead was the little old cottage holding her own folk, and all the warmth of her heart. It was worth anything to be so near them, to step out like this and in five minutes see their faces and know how they were. She hurried on when she saw her mother standing at the open door.

"I thought perhaps you'd manage to run over," said Mrs. Day.

"I haven't seen my ladies yet," said Priscilla. "They're out. I can only stay ten minutes."

She stayed longer than ten minutes, but she was back as she had promised, by six. The ladies had returned, she was told by Emma, and Mrs. Boger wished to see her at once in the drawing-room.

"What's she like?" said Priscilla, who felt more inclined to talk to Emma than to Dinah.

"Like them dragons in fairy tales what belch forth fire and swallow you up," said little Emma. "Leastways she makes me feel like that. Perhaps you've a better 'eart than I 'ave."

Priscilla went quietly into the drawing-room, when she had been upstairs and put on her black afternoon gown, cap and muslin apron.

"You've been taught something, then," said a harsh voice from the hearthrug. "The last one who called herself a parlormaid knocked at the door and put her hands behind her back—as if she'd come straight from the workhouse."

Priscilla found herself in the presence of a mountain: a colossal woman who imposed by her mere size, who looked at the world through starers, and whose naturally arrogant eyes and chin were made more offensive than they need have been by her outrageous use of them. She had beetling brows, a coarse-cut mouth, shiny black hair, stiffly waved and curtaining her face, a sallow complexion and an air that in an archangel would have been self-satisfied. "If I was half as ugly as that I'd keep quiet," Priscilla thought, as she surveyed her new mistress in amazement.

"Come nearer," said Mrs. Boger. "I can't speak to you while you stand out there."

Priscilla advanced as far as the middle of the room. The lady sawed the air with her starers and put up her chin.

"Nearer!" she said again, and pointed imperiously to the exact spot on the carpet where she wished Priscilla to stand.

"I understand from my other maids that you have friends living on the common?"

"My father and mother," began Priscilla, but the starers sawed the air again and stopped her.

"Don't interrupt. It's rude. Your relationships are no concern of mine, and what you do when you are out does not interest me. I consider you have been deceitful, but that may pass for the present. What I want to say is that you will only go out at your stated times. You had better understand from the first that I won't have you running across the common at all hours."

"Certainly not, m'm," said Priscilla, very much inclined to say then and there that she would stay her month and no longer. But she refrained.

"That will do," said Mrs. Boger, and Priscilla went downstairs.

"Well, how did you get on?" asked Emma, who was busy with dinner.

"She makes your blood boil," said Priscilla vividly.

"Seen Miss Udall?"

"Not yet."

"You better get your cloth laid early. They expect you to help 'em dress as if you was a lady's-maid and had nothing else to do. Inconsiderate—like all of them. Besides, I want Dinah as soon as she's showed you round."

So Priscilla went into the dining-room and laid the table with Dinah's assistance. Then the upstairs bell rang.

"That's Miss Udall," said Dinah. "First door on the left."

Priscilla said to herself that in most houses a new maid is not expected to take up her duties till the morning after she arrives, but she was too good-humored to stand on trifles, and she had dressed for the part before seeing Mrs. Boger. So she went upstairs and knocked gently at the first door on the left.

Miss Udall was standing in front of her dressing-table, and she had slipped on a thin black evening-gown that she evidently meant Priscilla to fasten. She turned when she saw the new maid's face in the glass and told her what she wanted done. Priscilla's first im-

pression of the young lady was that she looked unhappy and had beautiful dark eyes. She was slender and small, she had dark thick hair and lovely hands. Priscilla always noticed hands, because her own were coarsened by work and were one of her trials. She did envy ladies who could keep their hands white and soft and fine. She wondered why this young lady, who had no work to do and plenty of money, should look so sad, while Blossom in Gardenia Street and Mrs. Spark in Canonbury Square and Dinah downstairs were all high-spirited people, always ready for laughter and content with life. Dinah was not contented just now perhaps, but she looked merry and robust compared with Miss Udall whose toilet-table was furnished with silver, and who wore a row of pearls round her neck. As Priscilla was fastening her gown there was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Boger, in a Japanese tea-gown, came in with some letters.

"Indian ones for both of us," she said, and gave Miss Udall two. Priscilla saw that one was large and square and the other oblong. The young lady opened the large one first, took a card from it, read it, uttered a tiny cry not louder than the whirr of a small bird's wing, read it again and then swallowed as if her throat had tears in it that were not to reach her eyes.

"This is news indeed!" cried Mrs. Boger. "An invitation to your father's wedding with Miss Agatha Monroe. You have the same, I see. Did you expect it?"

"No," said the girl, in a low voice of fervent denial.

"Who is Miss Agatha Monroe?"

"I have never heard her name."

"That's a letter from him, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you open it and see what he says? Perhaps there's one inside for me. I should think he would inform me if he has changed his plans."

The girl opened the other letter and took out a single sheet of paper covered with large, careless handwriting.

"There is nothing for you," she said, and then moved away from Priscilla, who had finished fastening her gown.

"What are you waiting about for?" Mrs. Boger said suddenly to her new parlormaid. "If we want you again we'll ring."

Priscilla fled. The table was ready, so she went down to the kitchen, where Emma with Dinah's help was dishing up dinner. It consisted of one roast pigeon, which was to be followed by asparagus from the garden.

"How she keeps up her size on it is what puzzles me," said Emma. "There ain't near enough to eat upstairs or down."

"Miss Udall's father is goin' to be married again," said Priscilla. "They've just had invitations to the weddin'."

"Men are 'eartless," said Emma.

"Hasn't his wife been dead long then?"

"Dunno nothin' 'bout that. But what's he want a wife for when 'e's got a daughter over 'ere cryin' 'er eyes out? 'E ought to be ashamed."

"Why is she crying her eyes out?" asked Priscilla.

"Well, wouldn't you if you was under the thumb of that old cormorant upstairs?" asked Emma, who had no idea what a cormorant was, but thought it sounded big and greedy.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

By Ian Hay.

VII. THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

Among the higher English castes it is not good form to appear deeply interested in anything, or to hold any serious views about anything, or to possess any special knowledge about anything. In fact, the more you know the less you say, and the more passionately you are interested in a matter, the less you "enthuse" about it. That is the Public School Attitude in a nutshell. It is a pose which entirely misleads foreigners, and causes them to regard the English as an incredibly stupid or indifferent nation.

An American gentleman, we will say, with all an American's insatiable desire to "see the wheels go round" and get to the root of the matter, finds himself sitting beside a pleasant English stranger at a public dinner. They will converse, possibly about sport, or politics, or wireless telegraphy. The pleasant Englishman may be one of the best game shots in the country, or a Privy Councillor, or a scientist of European reputation, but the chances are that the American will never discover from the conversation that he is anything more than a rather superficial or diffident amateur. Again, supposing the identity of the stranger is known; the American, being an American, will endeavor to draw him out. But the expert will decline to enter deeply into his own subject, for that would be talking "shop"; and under no circumstances will he consent to discuss his own achievements therein, for that would be "side."

An Englishman dislikes brains almost as much as he worships force of character. If you call him "clever" he will regard you with resentment and suspicion. To his mind cleverness is associated with moral suppleness and sharp practice. In politics he may describe the leader of the other side as "clever"; but not his own leader. He is "able." But the things that he fears most are "shop" and "side." He is so frightened of being thought to take a pleasure in his work—he likes it to be understood that he only does it because he has to—and so terrified of being considered egotistical, that he prefers upon the whole to be regarded as lazy or dunderheaded. In most cases the brains are there, and the cleverness is there, and above all the passion for and pride in his work are there; but he prefers to keep these things to himself and present a careless or flippant front to the world.

From what does this national self-consciousness spring? It has its roots, as already indicated, in the English public school system.

Consider. The public school boy, like all primitive types, invents his own gods and worships them without assistance. Now the primitive mind recognizes two kinds of god—lovable gods and gods which must be squared. Class A are worshipped from sheer admiration and reverence, because they are good and "able" gods, capable of godlike achievements. To Class B, however, homage is rendered as a pure measure of precaution, lest, being enormously powerful and remarkably uncertain in temper, they should turn and rend their votaries. Indeed, in their anxiety to avoid the unfavorable notice of these deities, the worshippers do not hesitate to sacrifice one another. So it is with the schoolboy. Class A consists of the gods he admires, Class B of the gods he is afraid of.

First, Class A.

What a boy admires most of all is

ability—ability to do things, naturally and spontaneously. He worships bodily strength, bodily grace, swiftness of foot, straightness of eye, dashing courage, and ability to handle a bat or gun, or control the movements of a ball, with dexterity and—ease. Great emphasis must be placed on the ease. Owing to a curious kink in the schoolboy mind, these qualities depreciate at least fifty per cent if they are not *natural* qualities—that it, if they have been acquired by laborious practice or infinite pains. The water-funk who ultimately schools himself into a brilliant high-diver, or the overgrown crock who trains himself, by taking thought, into an effective athlete, is a person of no standing. At school sports you often hear such a conversation as this—

"Good time for the mile, wasn't it?"

"Yes; but look at the way he has been sweating up for it. He's been in training for weeks. Did you see old Jinks in the high jump, though? He cleared five foot four, and never turned out to practice once. That's pretty hot stuff if you like!"

Or—

"Pretty useful, old Dobbin taking six wickets!"

"Oh, that rotter! Last year he could hardly get the ball within a yard of the crease. I hear he has been spending hours and hours in the holidays bowling by himself at a single stump. He's no earthly good, really."

It is the way of the world. The tortoise is a dreadfully unpopular winner. To an Englishman, a real hero is a man who wins a championship in the morning despite the fact that he was dead drunk the night before.

This contempt for the plodder extends also to the scholastic sphere. A boy has no great love or admiration for learning in itself, but he appreciates brilliance in scholarship—as opposed to hard work. If you come out tops of your form, or gain an entrance scholarship at the University, your friends will applaud you vigorously, but only if they are perfectly certain that your success is in no sense the outcome of honest toil. If you are suspected of midnight oil or systematic labor, the virtue is gone out of your performance. You are merely a "swot." The general attitude appears to be that unless you can take—or appear to take—an obstacle in your stride, that obstacle is not worth surmounting. This leads to a good deal of hypocrisy and make-believe. For instance—

"Pretty good, Sparkleigh getting a Schol, wasn't it?" remark the rank and file to one another. "He never did a stroke of work for it, and when he went up for his exam he went on the bust the night before. Jolly good score off the Head: he said he wouldn't get one! . . . . Grubbe? Oh yes, he got one all right. I should just think so! The old sap! We'd have rooted him if he hadn't!"

But let us be quite frank about Sparkleigh. He has won his Scholarship, and has done it—in the eyes of the School—with one hand tied behind him. But Scholarships are not won in this way, and no one is better aware of the fact than Sparkleigh. His task, to tell the truth, has been far more difficult than that of the unheroic Grubbe. Grubbe was content to accept the stigma of "swot," because it carried with it permission to work as hard and as openly—one had almost said as flagrantly—as he pleased. But Sparkleigh, who had to maintain the attitude of a man of the world and a scholastic Gallio and yet work just as hard as Grubbe, was sorely put to it at times. He must work, and work desperately hard, yet never be seen working. None of the friends who slapped him on the back when the news of his success arrived knew of

the desperate resorts to which the boy had had recourse in order to obtain the time and privacy necessary for his purpose. On Sunday afternoons he would disappear upon a country walk, ostentatiously exhibiting a cigarette case and giving to his friends to understand that his walk was of a statutory three-mile nature. In reality he sat behind a hedge in an east wind and translated Demosthenes.

And there was his demeanor in school. On Thursdays, for instance, the Sixth came in from four till six and composed Latin Verses. On these occasions the Head seldom appeared, the task of presiding over the drowsy assembly falling to a scholarly but timid young man who was mortally afraid of the magnates who sat at the top bench. Sparkleigh would take down the appointed passage as it was dictated and read it through carelessly. In reality he was committing it to memory. Then—

"Wake me at a quarter to six," he would say to his neighbor, yawning. And laying his head upon his arms he would rest motionless until aroused at the appointed moment.

But he was not asleep. For an hour and three-quarters that busy, fertile brain would be pulling and twisting the English verse into Latin shape, converting it into polished Elegiacs or rolling hexameters. Then, sleepily raising his head, and casting a last contemptuous glance over the English copy, Sparkleigh would take up his pen, and in the remaining quarter of an hour scribble out a full and complete set of Latin Verses—to the respectful admiration of his neighbor Grubbe, who, covered with ink and surrounded by waste paper, was laboriously grappling with the last couplet.

There are many Sparkleighs in school life—and in the larger world as well. They are not really deceitful or pretentious, but they are members of a society in which revealed ambition is not good form. That is all.

There is one curious relaxation of the schoolboy's vendetta against ostentatious industry. You may work if you are a member of the Army Class. The idea appears to be that to cultivate learning for its own sake is the act of a pedant and a prig, but if you have some loyal, patriotic, and gentlemanly object in view, such as the obtaining of the King's Commission, a little vulgar application of your nose to the grindstone may be excused and indeed justified. But you must be careful to explain that you are never never going to do any work again after this.

As already noted, these characteristics puzzle the foreigner. The Scotsman, for instance, though even more reserved than the Englishman, is not nearly so self-conscious; and to him "ma career"—to quote John Shand—is the most important business in life. Success is far too momentous a thing to be jeopardized by false modesty; so why waste time and spoil one's chances by pretending that it is a mere accident in life—the gift of chance or circumstance? The American, too, cannot understand the pose. His motto is "thorough." American oarsmen get their crew together a year before the race, and train continuously—even in winter they row in a stationary tub under cover—until by diligent practice they evolve a perfect combination. Englishmen would never dream of taking such pains. They have a vague feeling that such action is "unsportsmanlike." In their eyes it is rather improper to appear so anxious to win. Once more we find ourselves up against the shame of revealed ambition. The public school spirit again!

So much for the gods a boy admires. Now for the gods he is afraid of.

The greatest of these is Convention. The first, and perhaps the only, thing

that a boy learns at a public school is to keep in his appointed place. If he strays out by so much as a single pace, he is "putting on side," and is promptly sacrificed. Presumption is the deadliest sin in school life, and is usually punished with a ferocity out of all proportion to the offense. In moderation, Convention is a very salutary deity. None of us are of much use in this world until we have found our level and acquired the virtues of modesty and self-suppression. It is extremely good for a cheeky new boy, late cock of a small preparatory school and idol of a doting family, to have to learn by painful experience that it is not for him to raise his voice in the course of general conversation, or address himself to any but his own immediate order until he has been a member of the school for a year at least. These are what may be termed self-evident conventions, and it does no one any particular harm to learn to obey them. But the great god Convention, like most absolute monarchs, has grown distinctly cranky and eccentric in some of his whims. A sensible new boy knows better than to speak familiarly to a superior, or take a seat too near the fire, or answer back when unceremoniously treated. But there are certain laws of Convention which cannot be anticipated by the most intelligent and well-meaning beginner, For instance, it may be—and invariably is—"side" to wear your cap straight (or crooked), or your jacket buttoned (or unbuttoned), or your hair brushed (or not), or to walk upon this side of the street (or that). But which? It is impossible to solve these problems by any process save that of dismal experience. And, as in a maturer branch of criminology, ignorance of the Law is held to be no excuse for infraction of the Law. I once knew a small boy who, trotting back to his House from football and being pressed for time, tied his new white sweater round his neck by the sleeves instead of donning it in the ordinary fashion. That evening, to his great surprise and extreme discomfort, he was taken out and slippered by a self-appointed vigilance committee. To wear one's sweater tied round one's neck, it seemed, was the privilege of the First Fifteen alone. Who shall tell how oft he offendeth?

And even when the first years are past and a position of comparative prominence attained, the danger of Presumption is not outdistanced. A boy obtains his House colors, we will say. His friends congratulate him warmly, and then sit down to wait for symptoms of "side." The newly-born celebrity must walk warily. Too often he trips. Our first success in life is very, very sweet, and it is hard to swallow our exultation and preserve a modest or unconscious demeanor when our heart is singing. But the lesson must be learned, and ultimately is learned; but too often only after a cruel and utterly disproportionate banishment to the wilderness. Can we wonder that the Englishman who has achieved greatness in the world—the statesman, the soldier, the athlete—always exhibits an artificial indifference of manner when his deeds are mentioned in his presence? In nine cases out of ten this is not due to proverbial heroic modesty: it is caused by painful and lasting memories of the results which followed his first essays in self-esteem.

The other god which school-boys dread is Public Opinion. They have little fear of their masters, and none whatever of their parents; but they are mortally afraid of one another. Moral courage is the rarest thing in schoolboy life. Physical courage, on the other hand, is a *sine qua non*: so much so that if a boy does not possess it he must pretend that he does. But

if he exhibits moral courage the great majority of his fellows will fail to recognize it, and will certainly not appreciate it. They do not know its meaning. Their fathers have extolled it to them, and they have heard it warmly commended in sermons in chapel; but they seldom know it when they meet it. If an obscure and unathletic prefect reports a muscular and prominent member of the House to the Headmaster for some gross and demoralizing offence, they will not regard the prefect as a hero. Probably they will consider him a prig, and certainly a sneak. The fact that he has sacrificed all that makes schoolboy life worth living in the exercise of his simple duty will not occur to the rank and file at all. Admiration for that sort of thing they regard as an idiosyncrasy of pastors and masters.

It is not until he becomes a prefect himself that the average boy discovers the meaning of the word character, and whether he possessess any of his own. If he does, he begins straightway to make up for lost time. He sets yet another god upon his Olympus, and keeps him at the very summit thereof from that day forth for the rest of his life. As already noted, the Englishman is suspicious of brains, despises intellectuality, and thoroughly mistrusts any superficial appearance of cleverness; but he worships character, character, character all the time. And that is the main—the only—difference between the English man and the English boy. The man appreciates moral courage, because it is a sign of character. It is the only respect in which the English Peter Pan grows up.

Finally, we note a new factor in the composition of the Public School Type—the military factor. Ten years ago school Cadet Corps were few in number, lacking in efficiency, and thoroughly lax in discipline. Routine consisted of some very inert company drills and some very intermittent class-firing, varied by an occasional and very disorderly field-day. Real keenness was confined to those boys who had a chance of going to Bisley as members of the shooting eight. The officers were middle-aged and short-winded. It was not quite "the thing" to belong to the Corps— presumably because *anybody* could belong to it—and in any case it was not decorous to be enthusiastic about it.

But the Officers' Training Corps has changed all that. At last the hand of peace-loving and somnolent Headmasters has been forced by the action of a higher power. Now the smallest public school has its Corps, subsidized by the State and supervised by the War Office. Three years ago, in Windsor Great Park, King George reviewed a perfectly equipped and splendidly organized body of seventeen thousand schoolboys and undergraduates; and these were a mere fraction of the whole. The O. T. C. is undeniably efficient. Its officers hold His Majesty's commission, and have to qualify for their posts by a course of attachment to a regular body. Frequently the C. O. is an old soldier. Discipline and obedience of a kind hitherto unknown in schools have come into existence. That is to say, B has learned to obey an order from A with promptitude and despatch, not because A is in the Fifteen while B is not, but because A is a sergeant and B is a private; or to put the matter more simply still, because it is an Order. Conversely, A gives his orders clearly and confidently because he knows that he has the whole weight of military law behind him, and need not pause to worry about athletic status or caste distinctions.

It may be objected that we are merely substituting a military caste for an athletic caste; but no one who knows anything about boys will sup-

port such a view. The new caste will help to modify the despotism of the old: that is all. And undoubtedly the system breeds *initiative*, which is not the strong point of the average schoolboy. In the Army every one looks automatically for instruction to the soldier of highest rank present, whether he be a brigadier in charge of a field-day or the oldest soldier of three privates engaged in guarding a gap in a hedge. It is these low-grade delegations of authority which force initiative and responsibility upon boys who otherwise would shrink from putting themselves forward, not through lack of ability or character, but through fear of Presumption. And here we encounter another thoroughly British characteristic. A Briton has a great capacity for minding his own business. He dislikes undertaking a responsibility which is not his by right. But persuade him that a task is indubitably and *officially* his, and he will devote his life to it, however unthankful or exacting it may be. In the same way many a schoolboy never takes his rightful place in his House or School simply because he does not happen to possess any of the restricted and accidental qualifications which school law demands of its leaders. Now, aided by the initiative and independence which elementary military training bestows, he is encouraged to come forward and take a share in the life of the school from which his own respect for schoolboy standards of merit has previously debarred him. All he wants is a little confidence in himself and a little training in responsibility. The Officers' Training Corps is doing the same work among the public school boys to-day that the Boy Scout movement is doing so magnificently for his brethren in other walks of life.

Incidentally, Lord Kitchener is thanking Providence for the existence of the O. T. C. to-day.

II.

But we need not dip into the future: we are concerned here only with the past and its effect upon the present.

What manner of man is he that the English public school system has contributed to the service of the State and the Empire? (With the English public schools we ought fairly to include Scottish public schools conducted on English lines.) How far are the characteristics of the Boy discernible in the Man? The answer is:—Through and through.

In the first place, the Man is usually a Conservative. So are all schoolboys. (Who shall forget the turmoil which arose when a new and iconoclastic House-master decreed that the comfortable double collar which had hitherto been the exclusive property of the aristocracy might—nay, must—be worn by all the House irrespective of rank?)

Secondly, he is very averse to putting himself forward until he has achieved a certain *locus standi*. A newly elected Member of Parliament, if he happens to be an old public school boy, rarely if ever addresses the House during his first session. He leaves that to Radical thrusters and Scotsmen on the make. He does this because he remembers the day upon which he was rash enough to rise to his feet and offer a few halting but sensible observations on the occasion of his first attendance at a meeting of the Middle School Debating Society. ("Who are you," inquired his friends afterwards, "to get up and jaw? Have you got your House colors?")

Thirdly, he declines upon all occasions, be he scholar, or soldier, or lawyer, to discuss matters of interest relating to his profession; for this is "shop." He remembers the historic "ragging" of two harmless but eccentric members of the Fifth at School, who, dwelling in different Houses,

were discovered to be in the habit of posting one of Cicero's letters to one another every evening for purposes of clandestine and unsociable perusal at breakfast next morning.

If he rises to a position of eminence in life or performs great deeds for the State, he laughs his achievements to scorn, and attributes them to "a rotten fluke," remembering that that was what one of the greatest heroes of his youth, one Slogsby, used to do when he had made a hundred in a school match.

If he is created a Judge or a Magistrate or a District Commissioner he is especially severe upon sneaks and bullies, for he knows what sneaking and bullying can be. For the open lawbreaker he has a much kindlier feeling, for he was once one himself. He is intensely loyal to any institution with which he happens to be connected, such as the British Empire or the M. C. C., because loyalty to School and House is one of the fundamental virtues of the public school boy.

Lastly, compulsory games at school have bred in him an almost passionate desire to keep himself physically fit at all times in after life.

He has grave faults. Loving tradition, he dislikes change, and often stands mulishly in the way of necessary progress. Mistrusting precocity, he often snubs genuine and valuable enthusiasm. His anxiety to mind only his own business sometimes leads him into deciding that some urgent matter does not concern him when in point of fact it does. As a schoolboy he was the avowed enemy of all "cads," and his views on what constituted a cad were rather too comprehensive. Riper years do not always correct this fault, and he is considered—too often, rightly—cliquey and stuck-up. Disliking a bounder, he sometimes fails to appreciate a man of real ability. Similarly his loyalty to his friends sometimes leads him to believe that there can be no real ability or integrity of character outside his own circle; with the result that in filling up offices he is sometimes guilty of nepotism. The fact that the offence is world-old and world-wide does not excuse it in a public school man.

Finally, all public school boys are intensely reserved about their private ambitions and private feelings. So is the public school man. Consequently soulful and communicative persons who do not understand him regard him as stodgy and unsociable.

But he serves his purpose. Like most things British, he is essentially a compromise. He is a type, not an individual; and when the daily, hourly business of a nation is to govern hundreds of other nations, perhaps it is as well to do so through the medium of men who, by merging their own individuality in a common stock, have evolved a standard of character and manners which, while never meteoric, seldom brilliant, too often hopelessly dull, is always conscientious, generally efficient, and never never, tyrannical or corrupt. If this be mediocrity, who would soar?

To-day the enemy is at our gate, and thousands of public school boys are there to meet him. Such as are unable to obtain commissions—and the supply of qualified aspirants greatly exceeds even the present enormous demand—are flocking cheerfully and automatically into the rank and file. Let the detractors of our public school system consider these things, and hang their heads.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"THE TOMMY."

"What strikes the Continental troops," writes Mr. Geoffrey Young, whose journeys up and down the rear and flanks of the armies have given him the opportunity of learning, "what strikes the Continental troops most is our soldiers' gaiety." It is strange. There was a time, not more than twenty generations ago, when our armies were also familiar on the soil of France. But how different was their reputation then! What then struck the Continental troops most was our soldiers' gloom. Then was invented the Frenchman's epigram which has stuck to us like a poisoned burr, infecting our very nature. "The English take their pleasures sadly"— one is ashamed to quote the well-worn phrase. But until lately, how true it has been—true of the middle-classes, who boasted themselves "the backbone of the British race," the typical representatives of the national spirit! To take their pleasures, except sadly, seemed to them an offence against respectability, perhaps against God. How could mortal man find room for gaiety in this vale of tears, or decent society outrage decorum with the noise of laughter?

The middle classes have now shared the fate of the mighty. To borrow a phrase they would recognize, they have been put down from their seat. No orator would now flatter them as the backbone of their country. If anything, they are unduly derided, and themselves regard too lightly the sterling qualities of their former decency and Puritanism. The classes which they used to call the lower have surpassed them in estimation. Knowledge, the Suffrage, and a gradual improvement in conditions, have made the work people conscious of themselves and their powers. In them our politicians are now forced to recognize the real substance and body of the nation, no matter for the backbone, and in them we must all recognize the real characteristics of the national spirit. Take our pleasures sadly? Let the Frenchmen mix with a Bank-Holiday crowd and see! Why, even at times of the utmost stress and peril, it is the gaiety of our working classes which most strikes the foreign observer.

For our soldiers are real representatives of the working classes. It may be objected that the vast majority of them are recruited from the crowds of the unemployed, and that is true. Most of them do come from the "aristocracy of labor"—the class which in poverty displays that carelessness of the morrow, that general *insouciance*, which characterizes our wealthy aristocracy and the lilies of the field. We must make some allowance for all that. But, none the less, it remains true that our soldiers have all been born of workpeople; they have been brought up as nearly all the people of England are brought up; they share the ideas and inherit or acquire the general qualities of the greater population. In a word, they represent the national temperament very fairly, and yet, in the eyes of the French troops, their most remarkable characteristic is gaiety.

We have all been reading the published letters from soldiers at the front, and listening to anecdotes of their behavior. Indeed, except for official notices of bygone positions, and occasional bulletins from "An Eye-Witness" as to the state of the weather, a paternal Censorship has allowed us to hear little about the greatest of wars except through anecdotes and soldiers' letters. But, flimsy as such tidings are, we see in almost every word the evidence of our national character.

The gaiety is obvious. It is nearly always an ironic gaiety. Indeed, we should say that a cheerful irony is the soldier's most habitual mood. It is rather unexpected, for every writer knows that, in writing for our "educated classes," there is no form of expression so dangerous as irony, so certain to be misunderstood and taken for solemn "gospel." But "the great heart of the people" as represented by the "Tommy" is habitually ironic.

His irony takes many forms. It is usually what, we believe, the pedants used to call "meiosis"—making too little of a thing. Our universal expression, "Not 'alf!" is an instance. Let other nations exuberate in superlatives; the ironic Briton says, "Not 'alf!" "The bullets didn't half make my heart patter," is a quotation from a soldier's letter in a former war. At Colenso, when a bullet just scraped the top of a man's head, he exclaimed, "That's a haircut, with a parting!" When Captain Lambton called one of his naval guns in Ladysmith "The Lady Anne," in compliment to his sister, the soldiers called the other "Bloody Mary"; which was a compliment to no one, not even to the gun. Of the same irony are the standing nicknames for an enemy's guns, such as "Weary Willie," "Sorrowful Sarah," "Puffing Sal," or "Long Tom." As pet names for the terrific shells of the German howitzers in this war we know the cheerful irony of "Jack Johnson," "Old Coalbox," and "Black Maria." "Old Coughdrop" is almost universal for a deep-toned gun, and when the sailors once covered an armored train with cables for its protection, they called it "Hairy Mary."

"Don't fret yourself; you won't be a widow yet," is an instance of true affection under a mask of ironic "meiosis." Sometimes the irony runs to exaggeration, as when a soldier wrote after an offer of beer, "I nearly fainted at the name." Another instance is quoted by Mr. James Milne in his "Letters of Atkins" during the Boer War, when a Ladysmith man wrote, "We ate three regiments of cavalry." But exaggeration is not so characteristic of our race as the ironic humor of under-statement. The emergency ration becomes "the imaginary ration." From the time of the Crimea the fighting has always been "the fun." (Only the other day a soldier wrote of a serious wound, "Of course, that finished my bit of fun.") And in South Africa the best Mounted Infantry were invariably known as "The Catch-'em-alive-o's."

Irony is the saving grace that delivers from sentimentality. We all know that our national danger is the sentimental. When peace breaks out, the soldier shares that danger with us, but in time of war he is protected by the irony of our working people's nature. That will not let him wallow. It saves him from the sticky marsh of gush and slop into which our writers, poets, and relief committees so easily sink. When not ironic, most of the letters, as Mr. Geoffrey Young shows by quotations in last Wednesday's "Daily News," are fettered by traditional conventions. Nearly all contain something on the model, "I write these few lines to you, hoping they will find you quite well, as they leave me at present." The present writer was early instructed that no proper letter could begin in any other way, and among workpeople nothing shakes that tradition. Most of the letters are otherwise entirely simple, just asking for news and cigarettes. "The French are very good," said one, "but we don't like their tobacco; it's not so nice as the English." That, with the repeated message not to worry, is usually all. One writer added: "I am wading in blood," though he had seen no fighting. Very likely it was irony; but Mr.

Young thinks it was good manners, because the neighbors would demand a battle touch. As the soldier was Irish, that may have been so.

Sometimes, however, the letters rise to a different level. Writing of a remarkable exploit, one of the Munster Fusiliers told it thus simply and with vivid effect; the scene was at Charleroi:—

"In our battalion we had only one machine gun, while they were able to bring up columns of machine guns. But we rushed them with our rifles and bayonets, &c. As far as their rifle firing was concerned they could not hit a hay-rick. They know no more about using a bayonet than a child does about using a knitting needle. The horses were shot from under our men, and then the Uhlans tried to capture our battery. It was then that the Munsters stuck to the guns. They dashed forward with fixed bayonets, put the Germans to flight, captured some of their horses, and, as we had not horses enough to draw all the guns, we made mules of ourselves, for we were not such asses as to leave the guns to the enemy. We brought them back five miles. On the road to Charleroi the Germans had machine guns mounted on the roofs of the steepest houses and stables."

The circumstances make the following letter more stiff and serious than usual. A private in the Yorkshire Light Infantry had been asked to tell General A. Wynn about his son's death at Lamdrecies:—

"Sir, these are a few of the instances which made your son liked by all his men. He was a gentleman and a soldier. The last day he was alive we had got a cup of tea in the trenches, and we asked him to have a drink. He said 'No. Drink it yourselves; you are in want of it.' And then with a smile, he added, 'We have to hold the trenches to-day.' Again, at Mons, we had been fighting all day, and someone brought a sack of pears and two loaves of bread. Lieutenant Wynn accepted only one pear and a very little bread. We noticed this. I had a small bottle of pickles in my haversack, and asked him to have some. But it was the usual answer: 'You require them yourselves.'

"Our regiment was holding the first line of trenches, and Lieutenant Wynn was told to hold the right of the company. Word was passed down to see if Lieutenant Wynn was all right, and I was just putting up my head when they hit me, and I heard from a neighbor that Lieutenant Wynn was hit through the eye and died instantly. He died doing his duty, and like the officer and gentleman he was."

How simple and unadorned and obviously honest it all is! Two scraps, not indeed of letters, but of conversation, are even more generally characteristic. The first is a Gordon Highlander's account of the fighting in general:—

"You mustn't run away with the idea (he said) that we all stand shivering or cowering under shell fire, for we don't. We just go about our business in the usual way. If it's potting at the Germans that is to the fore we keep at it, as though nothing were happening, and if we're just having a wee bit of a chat among ourselves until the Germans come up we keep at it all the same. When I got my wound in the leg it was because I got too excited in arguing with Wee Geordie Ferris, of our company, about Queen's Park Rangers and their chances this season. One of my chums was hit when he stood up to light a cigarette under fire."

The second is the story of his wound by a private of the 1st Warwicks; the scene was at Mons:—

"'Come on now, lads,' said our officer, and we went running on as hard as we could. We had got to take the hill, you see, or smash the Germans that were on it. At last we got quite near—not 150 yards from the trenches. I and two pals of mine and two others got behind a hedge and started to

blaze away. We lost our sick feeling then. There was one chap got hit in the face with a shrapnel bullet. 'Hurt, Bill?' I said to him. 'Good luck to the old regiment,' says he. Then he rolled over on his back.

"There was a gray German helmet over the side of the trench, with a rifle under it. I let that German have a bullet all to himself. I saw his helmet roll back and his rifle fly up. Then I got on my knees to bandage up a pal, and just as I moved there was a smash on my side. They'd got me, too, and I rolled over and thought I was done for."

Such letters and conversations make us prouder of our race than all its wealth, possessions, literature, and arts put together. When the children or our "common people" (of the vast majority in the country) can regard the extremity of peril with this queer mixture of courage, seriousness, and ironic gaiety, we know that the race as a whole is worth preserving and fighting for.

The Nation.

GUEST NIGHT.

To-night it will be guest night, but there will be no guests. We officers will dine alone, and when the word is passed "Lights out," and the last chorus is sung, the commission of H.M.S. *Somerset* will be over, and many friends will close a four years' comradeship. There will be the usual business, laughter and wine, dancing and song; it will be a little overdone, I expect, for it takes more than a chanty to drown the memory of a bursting shell or the wreck of a shattered casemate. The muster will be incomplete too, since for three of our number the "Last post" sounded ten thousand miles away, off Sei Cho in the South Pacific.

Memories of some other guest nights come back to me; the first Saturday night at sea when we officers, newly joined, strangers to each other, drank, according to old custom, to the health of sweethearts and wives, whilst the Eddystone blinked ironical farewells; a sweltering day in Aden Road when the punkah broke and we finished the meal in kimonos; a typhoon night at Nagasaki and the mess-room cleared in a moment; and, lastly, I recall that evening in the China Seas when we were homeward bound.

We had left the "flag" and the fleet five hundred miles astern, and scarcely thought to see a mast stouter than that of a coasting junk, or of the larger sampans trawling on the banks; but as we swung round Hoi Chow point and steadied for the anchorage, the armored tops of a foreign man-of war were sighted in the roadstead, and in a moment we recognized the squat ugly hull of the *Zenda* swinging sleepily in the bay.

The *Zenda* was an old friend of ours, for we had saluted each other in most of the Pacific ports from Vladivostock to Saigon, and never, I think, was a foreign ship better officered than she. Ward-room nicknames were common property between us, and mess stories had been shared at many a late evening; they were excellent fellows, all of them. Of course they would dine with us and say "good-by," and indeed, as our anchor thundered down, the semaphore was spelling out the invitation.

I spent the day tramping the marshes after snipe with Kritzler, their navigator, and, since he was a good a shot as he was a companion, we stayed till dusk for the fighting teal.

Three rings of a bell, one word from the midshipman in charge, and a rush of broken water as the pinnace went astern announced that the *"Zendas"* were alongside. The officer of the watch placed his telescope under his left arm and nodded to the quartermaster, and every soul on deck came to the salute as the boatswain's pipe broke the silence of the ship with its long-drawn haunting wail of the olden days.

For a moment we were all king's officers, as one by one our guests stepped on to the quarter-deck with the sharp movement of the military salute. It was not merely the formal greeting of host and guest, for we were brothers of the sea paying homage to our ships, fellow wanderers of the world saluting our nation's pride, but as the dark boat-cloaks of the foreigners were slipped from their shoulders, showing the white and gold of many uniforms, formality disappeared and we were just old friends, friends of the East, friends in our common calling. We were dining on deck, for there were forty of us and the night was airless, so it made a brave scene as we stood for the moment silent at the long table; the colored lights under a colored awning, splashes of scarlet of draped ensigns, the red reflections on the gold and silver of mess trophies and on the burnished muzzles of the turret guns; and in contrast to the two rows of white mess jackets one noticed the sky-blue robes of the Chinese mess boys. Somewhere forward the band was playing the "officers' grace," the "Roast Beef of Old England."

Dinner went gaily along and conversation was not difficult, for if our own languages were insufficient, there was the slang of half a dozen Eastern tongues to fall back upon, and even the music of the orchestra was indistinct in the laughter and talk and the clink of glasses. Once I distinguished the barking cracks of the "wireless" as we answered some distant call from space; it was Singapore perhaps passing the day's news from home, or a destroyer asking for typhoon reports from out at sea, or more probably it was some question from Hong Kong; but my neighbor was explaining in broken English his criticisms on Norman Angell and European affairs, and the band and the wireless were forgotten. We courteously readjusted the balance of power in Europe, I remember, and with a laugh broke alliances and formed new ones across the dinner-table.

But dinner was over at last, and the table was clear save for the crimson lines of brimming glasses, and as the decanters reached the table-ends the talk lessened, and, with two sharp raps of the president's hammer, died away.

"Mister Vice! the King!" and in a moment we were on our feet. Then from the other end of the table came the echo:

"Gentlemen! the King!" and to the tune of the anthem forty glasses were lifted to the toast.

Glasses were drained and filled again, and once more the captain was on his feet—but he waited glass in hand, for the silence had been broken. Every eye was turned on the signal boatswain hurrying aft along the quarter-deck; but as he handed the signal our gaze shifted to the captain, and even the bandmaster, waiting baton uplifted for his cue, looked over his shoulder for the cause of the prolonged silence. There can have been no one, I think, who did not notice the annoyance in the captain's expression—it was idiotic of the signal boatswain not to have waited—but I doubt if many of us read much in the hint of a smile that came over his face as he folded the paper and lifted his glass again.

"Gentlemen, I give you the health of

the Emperor!" and our cheers rang out over the bay, and were echoed back from the cliffs.

I have said that few read much in the captain's expression, but I was sitting close to him, and noticed, whilst his eyes followed the lines of the signal, a slight squaring of the shoulders, as if some single word had arrested his attention, an instinctive, almost imperceptible movement, and then he had smilingly given us the toast.

Cigars were soon alight, liqueurs chosen, and chairs pushed half back from the table, as we broke up into little groups of three or four and told of our day's shooting, and the latest stories from the Hong Kong Club. It was strange talk. I heard messages of farewell to the little Japanese ladies exchanged with insulting greetings for the gem merchants of Ceylon; I heard invitations to impossible future meetings, and the re-telling of mutual adventures of the past, and through it all ran the common longing for a western course, the common friendship of a distant station.

Away in Europe men quarrelled over their nation's rivalries, and nervously compared the broadsides of the Pacific fleets. On the quarter-deck of a man-of-war we officers could meet on common ground as keen players in a splendid game.

Our twenty guests had drunk to our homeward voyage, and had broken suddenly into their "war cry," a full-throated guttural chorus, so we looked for the senior engineer to reply in one of his Irish speeches for which he was famous in every mess-room on the station.

But the "senior" had left the quarter-deck: no doubt he had gone below to see that all was well in the engine-room—for we were lying to an open anchorage and the fires were banked—and in his place we named the stammering paymaster for a song in slang Maltese. Some of us lingered late at the table, and the "First post" had sounded before the last of us rose and the table itself vanished away.

I was tired and stiff after my day's tramp through the marshes, and I had no wish to join in the dancing that I knew would follow, so I strolled forward and up to the after-bridge. The band was playing on the starboard side of the shelter deck, so I stayed to port and looked across the bay to windward to where the Zenda lay, the reflector of her foremost searchlight catching the rays of the rising moon, and throwing a cold beam on the long ram bows. She had started to swing and seemed but a cable from us.

It was a very popular waltz that the band was playing, and I leant over the foremost rails, and looked forward up the long badly lit battery of the ship's waist. As I expected, the lower deck was profiting by the music, for a hundred phantoms seemed to be gliding forward into the utter darkness under the beams and aft again below me. Occasionally a pair of silhouettes would take form as they wheeled round an ammunition hoist, or sheered clear of a twelve-pounder gun mounting into the glare of a bulkhead light. The "hands" were dancing slowly and very quietly.

One had but to turn round to see, on the other side of the armored screen, the quarter-deck flooded in light and color. There the two captains had started the dance, and soon everyone was swinging around the deck. The laughter and talk and the noise of gliding feet came up to me in one steady flow of sound, that mingled and gradually lost itself in the nearer music of the waltz, for the band was playing louder than usual, and it was playing too fast. Harsher and more predominating became the waltz, till

the dancers seemed but figures in pantomime. Louder and yet louder grew the music. It was absurd; the air was being ruined, and yet the bandmaster seemed to be calling on his men for a greater and greater volume of sound, as he made frantic appeals with his baton. I swung impatiently round and made to leave the bridge, but I got no further than the ladder, for, as I passed the closed door of the telegraph office, I heard the explosive shriek of the "wireless," and I stopped. For a while I listened to see if I could read the signal, but the band was thundering out the bars as if in defiance of the transmitter, and it was only an occasional letter that I could distinguish. Once, however, a breath of wind drifted the music out to sea, and I caught a succession of misspelled words, but it was not in English that the message was being sent, it was to the *Zenda* that we were talking. But why, in the name of heaven, were we signalling a foreign cruiser, a bare two cables distant, with high-power wireless? It was unusual, very unusual, I was thinking, when the band crashed out the closing bars of the waltz, the wireless stopped in the middle of a word, and a peal of laughter came rippling up from the quarter-deck. Thoughts of that first message, the half-completed word, and that weird crescendo of the dance, floated disconnected in my mind till, at the very moment when the door of the signal house was shot back from inside, one memory—the memory of the captain's smile—seemed suddenly to link them into a suspicion. A signalman, sweating from the close heat of the little office, stepped out. "A signal for you to see, sir!" and there under my eyes were the written words of my surmise: .."Imminent" . . . War was imminent . . . "War."

This was no grand manœuvre signal, practice was over; it was the real thing at last—that was what was so hard to realize.

Good God! So all the work of all our lives was to be put to the only test, tonight perhaps; and then, long seconds after I had recalled some trifling defect in the turret which I should command, I realized that there below me, dancing and unknowing, were our enemies, and over the water I heard the quartermaster of the *Zenda* piping down. I understood now the meaning of that smile, for I, too, found myself laughing aloud—laughing not from mirth but from the excitement, the unreality and the grimness of the situation. I realized, too, the purpose of that crashing waltz and the strange message across the water: the signal must have come through uncoded from some station up the coast, and we were drowning the *Zenda* receiver from close quarters, stopping her ears with polite nonsense whilst rumors of war floated about space; and the band had silenced the suspicions of our guests. There was an uncanny humor in it all. I could imagine an excited foreign wireless operator in the north, sitting in his little cabinet, frantically calling across China the news of the coming storm. And there would be no answer from the *Zenda*, for an unsuspecting telegraphist was listening with mystified amusement to a long and stupid signal screamed out by an English cruiser, silencing the distant warning.

I could picture, too, the scene in our own boiler-rooms, the half-naked stokers, framed in the white glare of an open furnace door, raking, shovelling, sweating as the needle of the steam gauge slowly rose to the mounting steam.

Yes, our game was clear now. Our goal was the fleet five hundred miles away, and that goal we must reach unshadowed by the *Zenda*. On hour more and the day would die, and we

should be steaming "all out" to join the flag, whilst the *Zenda* still lay wondering, impotent, in Hoi Chow Bay—if it was peace. She would be lying a crippled wreck—if it was war, for, once we were under way, the anchored enemy would be at the mercy of our torpedoes.

The rest of that evening comes back to me rather as a dream, a series of pictures broken by one ever-recurring thought. Some one was playing a piano, right aft under the ensign staff, and a little crowd was shouting the verses of "Rolling Home," I saw the first lieutenant saunter forward; I heard the pipe, and an order passed along the decks, quietly though, almost whisperingly, from mouth to mouth, and the sound of bare feet on the fo'c'sle ladder. So the cable was to be "brought to." I remember that I joined a laughing party round the after-capstan where our guests had opened a rolling chanty, and were chorusing it with chorus. War imminent, and these were our foes! Kritzler, my friend of the morning's shoot, was leading the song, and I noticed my companion of the dinner-table, who had been so emphatic on the impossibility of war, leaning against one of the turret guns; the lyddite shell would be fused by daylight perhaps, and the tompions would be out.

Then much later, I recollect, drinks were going round, and we were singing the songs that every mess knows; laughter was getting louder and dancers wilder, when a deep voice in the gangway hailed the *Zenda's* steamboat across the water, and I heard the wireless again for a moment bark out its brief acknowledgement of a distant call. The band struck up the last song, and in a second or so five-and-thirty of us were swinging, hands grasped, round the after-turret, shouting "For Auld Lang Syne." It was a gay farewell, for, of course, we were homeward bound, and we had been good friends, we and the *Zenda*.

The last chorus had died away, and we had gathered round the starboard gangway by the time that the pinnace was alongside; but scarcely had the boat lost her way, when an officer, wearing his sword, jumped from the stern sheets on to the foot of the ladder, and, striding on to the quarter-deck, without a word, without even a salute, handed a crumpled paper to his captain.

So the news was through.

The captain of the *Zenda* read, turned, and spoke one hurried sentence to his officers.

Every smile died away, not a word was said, but by some common instinct we all came to the salute, and for a moment stood there facing each other silently—silently at least save for the rising and falling notes of the piping of the side.

One by one our guests turned and filed down the ladder, an order passed, and we stood watching the bow light of the pinnace swinging over to starboard. Then the red light eclipsed as the boat cleared the gangway, and with our eyes we followed the vanishing phosphorescent line of the boat's wake. I felt the trembling of the ship's hull and knew that the cable was coming home, and that we were weighing anchor. Still no one moved.

Suddenly the captain spoke, sharply, almost angrily: "Drummer"— and we waited for the word.

"Sound off 'Action,'" and as the last long notes of the call died away, I heard the sound of many hundreds of men closing up their posts.

H. C. Arnold-Foster.

The Cornhill Magazine.

BURGOMASTER MAX.

Belgian soldiers, martial heroes, in a world of fire and flame,
By their fortitude and daring have achieved immortal fame,
But there's one, a mere civilian, who a *vates sacer* lacks—
Burgomaster Max!

Therefore let a sorry rhymer offer you his humble meed,
And salute your priceless service to your country in her need,
All unarmed yet undefeated, never turning in your tracks—
Burgomaster Max!

Athanasius contra mundum—you remind us of the tag,
You whose fearless manifestoes never brooked the German gag;
Bucking up your fellow-townsmen when their hearts were weak as wax—
Burgomaster Max!

Now, alas, we read the foemen have decided to deport
And intern you for a season in some dismal German fort,
For your presence was distasteful to the Hun who sacks and "hacks"—
Burgomaster Max!

Yet, whatever fate befalls you, as the ages onward roll
You will live in deathless lustre on your country's Golden Roll,
For you faced the German bullies with the stiffest of stiff backs—
Burgomaster Max!

Punch.

THE WAR AND CONSCIENCE.

The words, "We see not our tokens: there is not one prophet more; no not one is there among us that understandeth any more," expressed long ago the pain which is added to calamity by bewilderment as to its drift and issues. Prophets are given, not made. But while we wait for the voice of the interpreter, we may try, as I am bidden to do, to think ourselves into more readiness to hear it.

The first thing, as the nation rightly feels, is to abstain from recriminations. We can all claim to have been right; none of us will be in tune for boasting. The advocates of a "strong policy" of naval and military readiness have received the most emphatic justification that they could have predicted. But they can hardly say that the motto of *Si vis pacem, para bellum* has been illustrated by success; and they may join with us all to-day in awe-stricken acknowledgment of what comes of an international system built on force. The men who have sought peace by cultivating international friendships between Churches, Universities, Munici-

palities, and so forth, will assuredly not regret to-day a single one of their efforts; they will see writ large the scandal of the international conditions which they were trying to improve and sweeten; but they will admit that we should have done ill, as things are, to have lessened our fleet or loosened our command of the over-sea routes for food and reinforcements.

But all this does not carry us far: and it belongs to the days upon which the curtain has dropped.

What of the new and solemn present?

(1) Under the tremendous sense of the sudden and the unexpected, there is (if I do not mistake) a less clear but deeper feeling that it all seems half-natural, as if we had been expecting it, as if something of the sort had to be, as if we could not have gone on as we were and yet could not have found our way out, as if we were ready for a move onward which had to be made for us and not by us. The children were come to the birth, and there was not strength to bring forth. That strange old metaphor may have had some fitness for our case. We saw no way to settle our controversies. The problems of freedom and justice in Ireland, of women's claims, of the demand of labor for an increased share in the results of industry and for a more organized influence in the life of the community—it was the same with them all; there was a sense of deadlock. Nor, as all are agreed, was there anything like a due concentration of energy and interest on our most urgent problems in urban and country life, the health of our people, their housing and the brightening and ennobling of their lives. Much was done and being done; but yet there was a sense of impotence. It was the same, perhaps, on the larger scale of international affairs. The Concert of Europe just kept things going, and tided over critical moments, but we seemed to live in a prolonged "interim"; and there was no sense of steady movement towards something better. It was pitiful, too, to see how powerless, as in the Congo case, the European Governments were for any vigorous action in favor of liberty and true civilization. Something of the same sort was felt in the religious sphere. Unrivalled missionary opportunities were offered to us in the Far East; they were recognized and estimated, but we showed little power to take them up.

Besides, for those who have been trained to lay primary stress on moral causes and conditions, there was ground for deep uneasiness. The word materialism (understood by our fathers as the name of a philosophical theory) was constantly confronting ourselves as an obvious label for many tendencies in our civilization. Economically, socially and politically, gold and iron, wealth and force, have had far more than their due. The luxury of those who "could afford it" and the passionate pleasure-seeking throughout our people were constantly confessed and continually increased. Vast sums were indeed spent in charity, but it was hard to see signs, except among the poor, of their being raised by frugality or sacrifice.

In amongst all this, stilling some of our problems, postponing others, installing sacrifice in general honor, and compelling us to simplicity, has come this great and challenging crisis.

(2) We know that we cannot pretend to measure the scale, range, or duration of this great happening. *Ce n'est pas une révolte, c'est une révolution* was the phrase which hit the truth last time. This time, may be, there is upon Europe not a change, but a catastrophe. That is what we have to face as the quite probable meaning and outcome of that which has begun. We cannot tell how much of the house of established order in

which we have dwelt may crumble about us. In any case, we shall be witnesses of a portent of destruction. We can hardly guess how it may affect the reason, conscience, feelings, or imagination of mankind. And this for us who have been so accustomed to stability, and all those thoughts of change have been in terms of evolution and process and slow modification!

It seems to me quite a first duty for us to steady ourselves with the remembrance that catastrophe has been historically one of the means in the hand of Providence for growth. Then look up and lift up your heads. In all catastrophe it is the destruction and ruin which (as the word implies) is first seen and felt; and we truly may have more of it to face than even now we at all expect. But out of destruction comes creation; out of the old the new. God's face is toward the future. And, unless the higher faith is altogether delusive, that way lies promise and hope.

(3) Is it possible to shape the thoughts of hope? Surely Europe can never return to that condition in which it has lived for these last decades: a condition infinitely comic if it were not so desperately serious and wrong. The condition of universal armament must give place to some better way of living together; and its crushing load upon life and welfare must be removed or lightened. We must come to look back upon the recent past, in spite of all its peace and beauty, as a nightmare time, with an appalling climax. I cherish the hope that out of all the tragedy of mutual destruction there will come by reaction and awakening a new feeling of common humanity amongst the nations one with another; and that our hatred will turn, not against one another, but against the monster which the deadly sins of selfishness and pride and jealousy have called into being and set upon our shoulders.

We shall not, I trust, come out of this war less patriotic than we went in, but with a far nobler, stronger, and more generous patriotism. Patriotism of that kind in a nation interprets and respects like patriotism in other lands. Can we dimly descry possibilities that catastrophe may teach and effect what no amount of humanitarian rhetoric, however genuine and earnest, could ever have brought about, and may draw the nations as patriotic units into a larger patriotism of the European, or yet wider, whole?

(4) But if Europe, or Britain (and it is with the latter that our prime responsibility is concerned) is to win through to any really better state, it must be by a genuine revival of the higher moral faiths. We are so afraid of cant that we have been almost afraid to speak of principles. But this is really moral cowardice and stubbornness. The great laws of righteousness, justice, and humanity are there: they work, not in the same way, but as surely as the laws of physical nature. We must read the lessons as they write themselves out in history. What a difference, for example, it has made to England in the last weeks to have a good conscience, to believe that she has a good cause; that she could not honorably do other than she has done: that she is really standing for peace and for the freedom of the weak. A good conscience does not in a bad world dispense with Dreadnoughts. But we can feel that it is an even more precious asset. Take another instance. I have far more sympathy with the Stop-the-War party among our workers than I have with Prussian aggressive militarism. But I would ask its members to look carefully to it lest they may be inviting us to embrace in homespun the same policy which they repudiate in armor—a policy, I mean, of sheer national selfishness. Let England, they say, make no

account of these broils, but keep her own people secure and well-fed and at work. God knows how that aim, in itself, appeals to one, and how one shrinks from any course which, though it may cost us all blood and tears and money, must needs especially grind the poor. But to suffer is better than to do wrong, and to betray our honor. "Ah! but," men cry, "there is the old fatal, glozing, delusive word 'honor,' the synonym of prestige, or of *la gloire*, the moral will-o'-the-wisp which has beguiled men down so many fatal paths!" It is vital, I reply, that we should distinguish between two senses of the word honor: the shoddy sense and the sterling sense; the sense in which it stands for the ideals of Chauvinism and national ambition or display; and the sense in which it makes a man true to his plighted word, or responsive to the appeals of a drowning swimmer or an outraged woman.

A nation like a man must be true to itself even though it suffer. It must bear the cross that may be laid upon those who seek to be loyal to the claims of duty and faith. Or again, if we are thinking of the moral laws that govern, what is the lesson written in letters of blood across the European sky but this, that an international system, which is with thin disguises and faint qualifications frankly selfish, is one which must founder at last in catastrophe and wreck? The doctrines of Nietzsche, we are told, with the worship of self-assertion and self-reliance and force, have had much to do with stimulating that form of German temper which we are now shedding our life's blood to resist, and through which (it is one of the possibilities) God may be fashioning a "rod of His anger" to make us know what may come of all our strength and science and culture built up into a power which knows no law but its own will, no principle or restraint but its own interest and advantage—before it too comes into judgment in its turn. Do we face it steadily out that that teaching is one party in an old duel, and that the true champion in the lists against it is the Christian teaching of which the Cross of love and sacrifice is the sign?

There are those who, speaking chiefly to our laboring classes, will decry the Government and denounce diplomacy and curse the system under which the peasant and the artisan are torn from home and work to suffer and bleed as victims of predatory and for them unmeaning rivalries and ambitions. What shall we say to them? I should urge that their criticism, to be right, must be pressed a great deal further. If the European order has been as bad as they think it (and it has been very bad) we cannot shirk our share of the blame or of the consequences. We cannot ignobly stand out and say, "We are not concerned; we will keep ourselves in comfort and peace." We cannot expect when the day of judgment falls, as it is falling, upon the whole European world, that we shall go unscathed.

Let us remember, too, that it is not easy to combine in a wholesome and lasting peace nations with separate characters, interests, and hopes. It can only be done by a great moral power, the power of unselfishness; and a nation which had no other thought than a self-regarding pacifism would be felt by a sure and indignant instinct to make no contribution to a more unselfish future.

But towards such a future we and those whose counsels we cannot accept to-day may together stretch out our hands—a future when within the nations and between the nations the unselfishness that is taught of God, fair and respectful to each human life, each class and order, each racial character and claim, shall be recognized

with an altogether new distinctness and reality as the condition, difficult but indispensable, and not impossible, of a true and Christian civilization.

The Contemporary Review. *Edward Winton.*

GERMANY AND AMERICA.

When, in the first days of the war, our vision a little dimmed by the unwonted smoke of battle after many years of peace, we found it difficult to distinguish friend from foe among the nations, great and small, that had no part in the hostilities, we made mistakes that posterity will forgive us. We wondered as to the attitude of Italy, of Switzerland, of Holland. We speculated on the way things would go in Rumania and in Bulgaria. We were exercised as to the eventual allegiance of Turkey. It may at once be admitted that, from the hour in which the *Goeben* and her consort found asylum in the Dardanelles, Turkey gave the Triple Entente legitimate ground for apprehension.

No such excuse could be pleaded for our nervousness in respect of the United States. There is no need to dwell too complacently on the relative density of blood and water, for, in point of fact, of the one hundred millions who to-day call themselves American citizens, probably not fewer than ten millions are of German birth or extraction. Yet there was surely no occasion to go to the other extreme and to assume that the United States, alert only for a bargain, would, by buying up every derelict liner lying idle in the Hudson, pour its dollars into the depleted chest of Spandau or float a war loan on no better security than a pledge of friendship which it may never be in the power of the Kaiser to redeem. There was no reason for anticipating that the Press propaganda of Prussian agents at Washington would bear fruit in the shape of American sympathy with a nation either at bay or prostrate under the enemy's heel. It is possible, though not probable, that if the Kaiser's representative had gone to work with less of that clumsy disregard of facts which has characterized German diplomacy all through the crisis, he might have won a little of the sympathy which his maladroitness has effectually alienated for good and all. Yet, even so, a saner survey of the situation should have reminded us that American statesmen, who, as a condition of their Constitution, take the nation more fully into their confidence than those of other Governments, were not likely to overlook the menace offered by a victorious Germany to the integrity of the Monroe doctrine.

Quite apart however from the national interests at stake, any doubts that even had the Belgian horrors not outraged public opinion from Philadelphia to Seattle, Washington must eventually adopt an attitude of unqualified opposition to Prussian Junkerdom did less than justice to American sentiment. We are apt—and the cynical humor of Washington Irving and others is a little to blame—to assume that Americans love no music like the jingle of dollars. Times there are no doubt in which business comes first with both the nation and the individual. The error lies in assuming that at all times it comes first and last. It is on this wholly misleading premiss that the Kaiser, who believes that every man has his price, came to grief. Germany has of late years been America's second-best customer in all the world. Whereas the annual value of her exports to the United States fell below

£25,000,000, her imports, mainly agricultural produce and copper, amounted to close on £80,000,000; and this appeal to the purse, though not permitted to obtrude itself too plainly in the Imperial overtures, was confidently expected to dictate the attitude of the New World towards the conflict of the Old.

As has been pointed out, the German element in the United States may be estimated at not less than 10 per cent of the whole population, and it includes some of the leaders in every department of business and finance. Yet the genius of the American nation for absorbing into its own body politic all the exotic elements from which it is drawn provides a powerful counterblast to pan-Germanic intrigue. I recollect finding on the shores of Lake Tahoe, high up in the snowy sierras that guard California and Nevada, a colony of Bavarian fishermen who, with their wives and children, had emigrated from the Fatherland merely to evade compulsory service, and I gathered in the course of conversation in their vernacular, which they were already apt to interlard with American slang, that, so far from any ambition to take up arms in defence of the land of their origin, no consideration would have induced them to return to it and thereby run the risk of being handed over to the drill-sergeant.

The political atmosphere of Washington is unsympathetic to that of Berlin. All that America stands for is a negation of all that Prussia fights for. The two ideals approximate only in their choice of the same bird of prey for their national emblem. Yet the eagle which in the West stands for liberty may, under other skies, be the vulture of rapine. Both nations are young; only those who have lived in both countries can appreciate how irreconcilable are their points of view. In the United States you have freedom, equality almost to exaggeration, and no deferential gap between rich and poor, military and civilian, learned and illiterate. In Germany, on the other hand, the traveller finds himself in an atmosphere of deep-rooted reverence for caste, for uniforms, and for decorations, of blind obedience to the ruling faction as opposed to the American attitude of good-natured tolerance of "those powerful, but frequently incompetent, men to whom the administration of public affairs is entrusted." The prosperous but undistinguished middle-class German bows to the ground before the Herr Excellenz or Herr Oberst, while the American bootblack has a familiar nod for the "Colonel" on his beat; and whereas our own via media is to be preferred perhaps to either extreme of servility or irreverence, the difference between the two is irreconcilable. American democracy detests the tyranny of militarism and sees in war at best a necessary evil. "There never was a good war," wrote Franklin, whereas Bernhardi extols war as the supreme agent of culture. Jefferson's passionate apostrophe of liberty is anathema to the spirit of Junkerdom, and Emerson's calm admission that "the individual is always mistaken" would be lèse-majesté if uttered within fifty miles of Potsdam.

It should amuse readers of Nietzsche, the incarnate inspiration of militarism, to watch this German bid for American sympathy, for Nietzsche despised America and lost no opportunity of deploring the invasion of Europe by "American vices," describing the national race for dollars as "a savagery peculiar to Indian blood," and scoffing at the nation which is "ashamed of repose" and which "thinks with a stopwatch." The most thoughtful exposition of the differences between the two nations is however to be found in the opening volume of Buckle's work, in which he outlines the distinct mentality

of Germany and America, contrasting the greater proportion of profound thinkers in the former with the wider distribution of general knowledge in the latter, and explaining the discrepancy by the wider vogue of American writers. It was the boast of Treitschke, whose celebrated though incomplete history appeared after Buckle's death, that he wrote for Germans and not for foreigners. Buckle, alluding to an earlier and more glorious era of German literature, shows that the majority of great German authors wrote only for each other, disdaining to make themselves intelligible to the mass of their countrymen. Such splendid isolation, whether of writers or rulers, is the Prussian ideal, but is opposed to the whole trend of American policy. The German is expected during the term of his military service to merge the man in the machine, and he acquires a mechanical habit of which he is unable to divest himself in the after-life. The American, on the other hand, who is a man first and a citizen afterwards (vide Lowell), is, both in his military operations and in his daily work, all for individuality.

This war has, among other not quite satisfactory descriptions, been regarded as one of democracy against reaction. Although critical analysis of the motives which have brought four-fifths of Europe into the field may compel future historians to modify this view of the political forces ranged on either side, it is nevertheless abundantly clear that, if the Kaiser represents anything, he represents the final stand made by caste against freedom. This conclusion is as certain as anything can be certain in the confusing perspective of passing events. For this reason, if for no other, the hope of seeing the American nation, to whatever extent its financial year may be prejudiced by the war, range itself on the side of the brutal principles enunciated by Bernhardi and his master suggests an optimism unintelligible unless we are to assume a frame of mind closely verging on insanity.

F. G. Aflalo.

The Outlook.

A CALL TO ARMS.

[This hitherto unpublished poem by Tennyson has been most kindly sent to us by the present Lord Tennyson. It has been adapted to a melody by Emily Lady Tennyson, arranged with symphonies and accompaniment by Sir Frederick Bridge. The poem seems almost as if it were written for the present crisis.]

O where is he the simple fool
  Who says that wars are over?
What bloody portent flashes there
  Across the Straits of Dover?
Nine hundred thousand slaves in arms
  May seek to bring us under;
But England lives, and still will live,
  For we'll crush the despot yonder.
    Are we ready, Britons all,
    To answer foes with thunder?
      Arm, arm, arm!

O shame on selfish patronage—
  It is the country's ruin—

Come, put the right man in his place,
And up now, and be doing!
O gather, gallant volunteers
In every town and village,
For there are tigers—fiends not men—
May violate, burn and pillage!
Are you ready, Britons all,
To answer foes with thunder?
Arm, arm, arm!

Up stout-limb'd yeomen, leave awhile
The fattening of your cattle—
And, if indeed ye wish for Peace,
Be ready for the Battle!
To fight the Battle of the World,
Of progress and humanity,
In spite of his eight million lies
And bastard Christianity!
Are we ready, Britons all,
To answer foes with thunder?
Arm, arm, arm!

Tennyson.

The Spectator.

THE FATE OF AUSTRIA.

The campaigns of the Russians and Servians against Austria have an interest that goes beyond their military effects. The impression grows that these armies, which came into the field weighted with a secular tradition of defeat, are destined only to fresh reverses and further retirements. We do not forget that the core of the Dual Monarchy is still intact. It is only the outer Slav fringe in the north and the south that is threatened, and not yet will the invaders be able to strike at any German or Magyar province. But, rightly or wrongly, no one anticipates that either Germans or Magyars will thrown up a Gambetta, or defend the Fatherland with the desperate energy of a patriotic resistance. There we may be wrong; the Tyrolese and the Magyars have both done that same thing in the past. It is still more significant that nearly everyone assumes that military defeat can, in the literal sense of the word, destroy the Austrian Empire. There are limits to what arms may achieve, even when they are backed by science and numbers. The essential fabric of every one of the other Great Powers is indestructible, and no one in his sober senses really supposes that either France or Germany could be ended by any military event, however decisive. Their culture would mock even the depression of defeat, and no conqueror who retained his sanity would even for a fleeting moment dream of annexing them or destroying their national independence. But of Austria-Hungary we never think in this way. It is not a nation, but a problem; its survival has often seemed to be a miracle, and its future is an enigma. We are very far from assuming that its history is ended, but we are so far in agreement with the current view that we think its survival

neither certain nor inevitable, and we believe that if it does survive, it will owe its preservation more to geographical necessity than to any unconquerable vitality in itself.

There is a fashion in the opinions that play round the future of Austria. Twenty years ago "the break-up of Austria" was the wearisome commonplace of the traveller and the journalist. The better opinion of yesterday had swung to the opposite extreme. Authorities like Dr. Seton-Watson and Mr. Steed had told us that a true Austrian sentiment, by no means confined to the ruling races or even to the ruling class, had asserted itself. It was largely a Hapsburg sentiment. It looked to the future, and was prepared for a relatively liberal policy of reconstruction. The shock of revolution, which struck Russia in 1905, found Austria adaptable, and an orderly demonstration in Vienna sufficed to win manhood suffrage, based on an ingenious yet honest system of voting in separate racial constituencies, which has greatly diminished the strife of the nationalities. The Czechs, with their hopes fixed on the pro-Slav Archduke and his Czech consort, were on the way towards becoming an element as weighty and reliable from the Austrian standpoint as the Poles. For crude oppression and unqualified discontent one had to turn to Hungary, but the Maygars realized that the end of Francis Joseph's reign would mean also the end of their racial ascendancy over the Slavs and Roumanians, whom they could still cheat but could neither crush nor assimilate. All these hopes turned on the personality of the murdered Archduke, and with his death it is possible that they might have vanished, even if there had been no war. In any event, one may doubt whether the Serbs would ever have sat down to a future of loyalty and peace. The victories of Servia in the two Balkan wars had caused them to look to Belgrade as the Lombards looked to Turin, and they had their Louis Napoleon always ready in the person of the Russian Tsar. The belief in a Hapsburg sentiment and an Austrian mission was, we think, well grounded, but it was ruined by the murders of Serajevo. The Archduke was killed, not because he was the enemy of the Serbs, but rather because he would have made of Austria a rival Slav State to Russia. Sooner or later this Austro-Slavonic idea would have had to fight for its life. It is fighting to-day before it has lived.

To speculate in general terms on the fate of Austria would be excessively easy—if we knew its fate. One might write in advance a sage essay on reasonable if rather conservative lines, upon the well-worn theme that Austria is necessary to Europe. One might as plausibly apply the Mazzinian definition of nationality, and stamp Austria out in its name. A Europe which meant to live by reliance on the old theory of Balance of Power would certainly need Austria. On the other hand, a good Liberal may hesitate to-day to apply the doctrines of 1848 with uncompromising logic. Nationality is not in the East so certainly bound up with the notion of a separate and independent territory as it was in the mind of the Italian prophet. It has to reckon with the existence of races which live side by side, inextricably mixed, like the Czechs and Germans in Bohemia. It must remember that others inhabit isolated areas—like the compact Magyar colony among the Roumanians of Transylvania. There are others like the Slovacks, too weak to stand alone, and with no continuous history to inspire them. The stress of thinking in Eastern Europe has always tended to dwell on the immaterial aspects of nationality —the language, the Church, the

tendencies and traditions which form a national "culture." But the Magyars in Hungary have never fully conceded even these elements of nationality. If the Austrian record is incomparably better, and by contrast either with the Prussian or the Russian tradition, almost illustrious in its Liberalism, it is still too imperfect to excite enthusiasm. The Czechs have had to fight hard for their language rights, and the Italians have had to struggle against a niggardly bureaucracy. Disruption becomes a likely solution in any mixed Empire from the moment that any one of its races secures outside it a national focus and a base for insurrections. That is the moral of the Balkan war. Turkish rule over Greeks and Bulgarians could not survive the creation of a free Greece and a free Bulgaria. The fatal event for Austria was the emergence of Servia by its victories as a State with a mission and a future. If Russia had before this war created a contented Russian Poland, and recognized the autonomy of the "Little Russians" (otherwise known as Oukrainians or Ruthenians), the future of Galicia would hardly be worth discussion.

It is much too soon, in our opinion, to draw maps. The survival of Austria-Hungary is still a possibility. If the fortunes of war continue to go as we in the Allied camp desire, it is fairly certain that most if not all of the Austrian Serbs and Croats will be united to Servia. "Great Servia" will be, one hopes, a federal state, for its more cultivated Catholic population might not be exactly happy under the direct rule of orthodox Belgrade. It is not quite certain that the Poles and Ruthenians, if they were able to settle their future by a *plébiscite*, would elect to go under Russia—everything would depend upon the terms which Russia offered. Such moderate changes as these would still leave much of Austria standing, even if Roumania and Italy were also compensated for their neutrality at her expense. She would have gained a more defensible frontier on the north, and in losing Bosnia she would be rid of a continual source of weakness and unrest. Difficulties begin at once if a more drastic solution is attempted. To rob these land-locked States of both their ports at Trieste and Fiume would be to inflict on them the same injustice from which Servia suffered. Trieste, moreover, may be an Italian town, but the country round it is Slav. It is possible to say that the German provinces might be annexed to the German Empire. That would certainly be an ironical way of crushing Prussia, by swamping it with Southern Catholics who have never been drilled out of their natural easiness of life. But this programme forgets two problems—the future of the Czechs and the Magyars. Neither of them is strong enough to stand alone, and both of them are too strong to be crushed or assimilated by an alien Empire. Even if political independence were easy for them, it is hard to see how Bohemia and Hungary, with no outlet on the sea, could live as independent economic units amid the great protectionist Empires. The Magyars might conceivably become the leaders of a wider Balkan Confederation—about the last thing which any Russian statesman would desire. But it is hard to guess at any tolerable future for Bohemia. When the European Congress which ends this war is confronted by such a problem as this, it is a fairly safe prediction that it will take note of it, and pass on. Only a Napoleon would dare to solve it, and his solution might last—for a decade.

THE POETRY OF IGNORANCE.

It is unthinkable at the present day that the humblest class should once more give birth to a folk-lore. No songs, no romances, no superstitions even, are coming upwards from there. Here and there fragmentary survivals suggest the imaginative wealth of the past. The fairies are dead, the ghosts are gone, the saints hold no converse with men, and there is no healing power in their bones. Nature means nothing to the humblest class, and they do not know the meaning of romance. A new St. Francis could not get a following. The very poor are utterly prosaic. Or, if we must modify this perhaps too sweeping statement, we would say that their imagination works only in one direction, and that a moral one. They are very kind, kinder than the peasantry who understood St. Francis. They live in the actual, look neither before nor after, and have apparently lost their memories. No traditions survive. No class carries out so literally as the least wealthy class the injunction to forget the things that are behind. For them the words "alteration" and "improvement" have become almost synonymous. As a rule their educated friends take the fact of this new materialism for granted, and explain it by pointing to the hard physical conditions of their lives. But are those conditions any harder than they were? Have they any less leisure or any more suffering than formerly? Heaven forbid! It is obvious that their lot has improved. Their extraordinary good temper proves them to suffer less. The temper of the crowd has altered amazingly for the better. Is it not to mental rather than to physical conditions that we must look to understand the strange atrophy which has taken hold of one side of their minds?

There are now no entirely uneducated people. The eight or nine years' teaching provided by the State gives the able boy the power to learn anything. It does not give it to the lazy or to the stupid, and it seldom gives it to the boy who comes out of a home which is below the fluctuating level that is called the poverty line. He struggles against instruction till he is fourteen, when the struggle ends in success. Education is supposed to develop the imagination, and so no doubt it does in large enough doses. A very little seems to have a precisely opposite effect. A little instruction is a negative kind of thing. It clears away ignorance and puts nothing in its place. It may be compared to the burning of weeds, which are noisome or beautiful according to where they are found. A little teaching explains nothing, but it carries home the conviction that all things are explicable, and thus destroys the sense of wonder. For instance, in the slightly educated people whom it is the fashion to call "simple" such a marvellous thing as wireless telegraphy creates no sense of astonishment. They look on it as a "new improvement" like another. To them it is no more wonderful to get a message from an instrument than it is to get water from a tap. The ordinary person does not know exactly how it is done, but the plumber understands the one, and some other sort of workman understands the other. "It is quite simple when you know how." "We could explain it," the uneducated suppose, "if it happened to be our job." That a cinematograph should reproduce exactly scenes from the other side of the world does not impress them either. The pictures reproduced may give the greatest pleasure, but the wonder of the whole thing hardly occurs to them. If for a

moment they are moved to think about it, the mystery is soon set at rest by some one who "knows a man that works at it," and who can explain in a moment how it is done. The most complicated of scientific discoveries take in their minds the proportions of a trick. Talking of tricks, very often one may see the same mental defect in children. Even the lowest form of the marvellous does not astonish a stolid child. There is nothing more disappointing than to take a certain type of child to a conjuring display. Nothing but the comic or dramatic side of the performance strikes him. He laughs if a rabbit comes out of his hat, but he does not wonder how it got there. "It was put there, of course," he says. But how? That does not interest him. The man put it there; that is his work. Again, it is possible among very intelligent children to observe the way in which a little knowledge may for a while appear to arrest the growth of the imagination. The conversation of his elders will often arouse in a child a keen interest in a subject, or even in an art, of which he may technically know nothing. He dreams of it all day long, and his dreams in some incomprehensible way nourish him mentally. But when once he begins to grind at the subject his keenness is gone. The teacher destroys his dreams, and gives him dull statements in their place.

But to return to grown-up people of little education. An instance of the dull acceptance of the astonishing is the way in which the wonderful cures effected at hospitals affect the minds of those who do not think. The doctors know how to do it. It is nothing wonderful when you know how, it is again their work, and of course they understand it, as we all should if it happened to be ours. When the pilgrims went to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury they saw fewer wonders, only no one pretended to understand them, and the mystery of the whole thing impressed their souls and fired their imaginations. In regard to facts their minds were underfed. They flourished mentally, when they did flourish, upon faith, and their descendants are undeveloped for want of it. There is no mental substitute for the thought of the supernatural. Without a sense of mystery the human mind seems incapable of coming to perfection. Mystery is, after all, its natural element, coming as we do out of the dark, and going back as we must into the dark.

Again, a little instruction seems very largely to have destroyed the sense of worship in "simple" people. To say that the lowest class is no longer religious is absurd. While men live and die they will look to God, but worship in the ordinary sense of the word, public worship, might, unless a change comes over the mind of the mass, be in danger of dying out. They do not know what it means. Pleasure in public worship might perhaps be called the patriotism of religion. Among the poorest class it has ceased to exist. We have eradicated superstition—and pulled up the wheat with the tares. There is now no mystery to their minds about a church, and no great good to be got by going there. A man can pray anywhere. It is not necessary to sit in church for an hour and a half in order to formulate a few petitions. Church is connected in their thoughts with "clubs" and "sermons" and "singing." It is the clergyman's job to see that all these things are properly kept up. He understands it, and they do not; but if it were their business they would. The atmosphere of miracle hung about churches long after the Reformation had thrown down their altars. Some Presence was there which the brushing away of ignorance has for the moment rendered invisible.

It is among the highly instructed that we must now look for "simplicity." It is they who stand dumbfounded before the miracles of science, whose imagination is nourished by mystery, in whom alone the poetry of ignorance survives. It is they who collect the dreams of the past, and realize that they are precious—the dreams which were the outcome of a sense of ignorance. It is they who still look for cures not wrought by doctors but by will—new miracles which they dream will bring back the faith of the world. It is the highly educated who concern themselves with superstitions now; they who think about ghosts, who cling to the hope of a proof that the dead are alive. It is they who worship, they who dream of an unseen Presence in the House of God. They are passing out of the stage of mental self-satisfaction. Suddenly upon the educated there has fallen a conviction of ignorance, and it is bringing them back to simplicity—not back in their steps, but back by a very long way round. It is a strange reversal of positions, and one the effects of which are as yet impossible to foresee. In a new and very true sense, the first are once more last and the last first.

The Spectator.

THE COMPLETE SATIRIST.

Why do people who want good fiction neglect Peacock's books to-day? Peacock is infinitely wittier, more amusing, truer to life, more original than any of the greatly boomed and the moderately gifted, very popular novelists of to-day: this is the simple truth about it. Peacock's novels were written on a plan which was unique. They in no way depend upon plot for their interest, but in all of them the satiric element is relieved by a story with a tender vein running through it, which, without violently exciting curiosity, gives just enough contrast to the author's bright dialogue and playful dissection of folly. In most of the novels each man has his own hobby, which he rides with unceasing vigor, and much diversion is drawn from the tournaments which thus take place round the breakfast and dinner table. From reading of these encounters one derives the satisfaction which the exhibition of humanity's foibles always causes if rightly touched. It is one of the charms of Peacock that there is no grain of ill-nature even in his severest denunciations. *His satire, even at its keenest, is without bitterness, as true satire should be.* In the midst of the writer's fun and sharp onslaughts on prejudice and pedantry there is always the charm of a woman's presence—a woman clever, graceful, and refined; and the mirth provoked by the absurdities of the men is relieved by the sympathy felt with the girl who supplies the love interest, without which a novel would be incomplete. One peculiarity which belongs to those of Peacock's novels which were aimed at folly as it flew is that the characters are mostly labelled with names more or less far-fetched, which indicate their bent of mind.

Thus in "Headlong Hall," the first, and in some respects the most buoyant, of the novels, we find Mr. Foster, a perfectibilian; Mr. Escot, a deteriorationist; Mr. Jenkinson, a statu-quo-ite; and the Reverend Doctor Gaster, the etymology of whose name is thus explained in a note by the author:—"Gaster: scilicet Venter—et præterea nihil." These four travellers are on their way to the hospitable house of Squire Headlong in Wales, where they

presently meet with other guests as remarkable as themselves for the determination of their views and the amusement which they afford in expounding them. There is Mr. Cranium, the craniologist, with his lovely daughter Cephalis, whose accepted lover Mr. Escot has formerly been. Unfortunately he has lost her father's favor by laughing at one of his lectures, and the task of regaining it seems hopeless. There is Caprioletta Headlong, the Squire's lovely niece; there is also Mr. Milestone, a picturesque landscape gardener, with various other guests, who are thus introduced by the author:—

"Next arrived a post-chaise carrying four inside, whose extreme thinness enabled them to travel thus economically without experiencing the slightest inconvenience. These four personages were two very profound critics, Mr. Gall and Mr. Treacle, who followed the trade of reviewers, but occasionally indulged themselves in the composition of bad poetry; and two very multitudinous versifiers, Mr. Nightshade and Mr. MacLaurel, who followed the trade of poetry, but occasionally indulged themselves in the composition of bad criticism. Mr. Nightshade and Mr. MacLaurel were the two senior lieutenants of a very formidable corps of critics, of whom Timothy Treacle, Esquire, was captain, and Geoffrey Galt, Esquire, generalissimo.

"The last arrivals were Mr. Cornelius Chromatic, the most profound and scientific of all amateurs of the fiddle, with his two blooming daughters, Miss Tenorina and Miss Graziosa; Sir Patrick O'Prism, a dilettante painter of high renown, and his maiden aunt, Miss Philomela Poppyseed, an indefatigable compounder of novels, written for the express purpose of supporting every species of superstition and prejudice; and Mr. Panscope, the chemical, botanical, geological, astronomical, mathematical, metaphysical, meteorological, anatomical, physiological, galvanistical, musical, pictorial, bibliographical, critical philosopher, who had run through the whole circle of the sciences, and understood them all equally well."

It is difficult to convey any notion of the merriment and wit which ensue from the assemblage of all those heterogeneous people at Headlong Hall. They no sooner meet than they join battle. Sir Patrick O'Prism, walking round the grounds with Mr. Milestone, takes issue with the landscape-gardener upon his pet subject, and refuses to distinguish between the picturesque and the beautiful. "Allow me," said Mr. Gall, "I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them in the laying out of grounds a third and distinct character, which I call *unexpectedness*." "Pray, Sir," said Mr. Milestone, "by what name do you distinguish this character when a person walks round the grounds for the second time?" The ball of controversy, once set rolling, never stops. It pursues its gay course through a dinner, an evening, a lecture by Mr. Cranium, and a dance. Mr. Cranium's objections to having Mr. Escot for a son-in-law are overcome by a gift from the philosopher of that inestimable treasure, the skull of Cadwallader; while Sir Patrick and the Squire pair off with the daughters of Mr. Chromatic. In this, as in the other novels, it is remarkable that when disputes threaten to become too hot they are generally quenched by the application of a bumper. The one point in which all the different lines of opinion presented meet is an appreciation of good cheer.

"Melincourt," which follows "Headlong Hall," is not perhaps the happiest of Peacock's books. Its length is too great for its materials. There is a pleasant extravagance, however, in one of its chief personages, Sir Oran Haut-

ton, who was "caught very young in the woods of Angola." His character is founded upon those passages of Lord Monboddo which glorify the orang-outang; and the simple courtesy of his nature is opposed with a fine humor to the meanness of Lord Anophel Achthar, the son of a hundred earls, and his creature the Rev. Dr. Grovelgrub. There is much beauty, too, in the characters of Mr. Forester and of Anthelia, the heroine, and much keenness in the shafts aimed by the way at abuses of the time. It would not be easy to determine between "Crotchet Castle" and "Nightmare Abbey" which is the better story. The latter derives a peculiar interest from the fact that the character of Scythrop is a portrait, and according to all accounts a good one, of Shelley; while the transcendental Mr. Flosky is a caricature of Coleridge. The abbey, as its name implies, is the property of a singularly hypochondriac and atrabilious gentleman, Christopher Glowry, father of Scythrop. The low spirits of this pair, and of Mr. Glowry's particular friend, Mr. Toobad, who believes the world to be given over for a time to the principle of evil, are set off by the joviality of Mr. Glowry's sister and her husband, Mr. Hilary, and the accompanying disposition of Mr. Larynx, the vicar, who is always ready to drink Madeira with Scythrop, to sigh with Mr. Glowry, or to crack jokes with Mr. Hilary, as occasion demands. The party at the Abbey is completed by Mr. Listless, a fashionable dandy, Marionetta O'Carroll, a charming cousin of Scythrop's, and Mr. Asterias, who, with his son Aquarius, goes about the world looking for mermaids. Scythrop is, or fancies himself, desperately in love with Marionetta, to whom on one occasion he proposes that they should follow the example of Rosalia and Carlos, by drinking a mixture of each other's blood, and thus "soaring on the wings of ideas into the space of pure intelligence."

Marionetta could not reply; she had not so strong a stomach as Rosalia, and turned sick at the proposition. She disengaged herself suddenly from Scythrop, sprang through the door of the tower, and fled with precipitation along the corridors. Scythrop pursued her, crying, "Stop, stop, Marionetta—my life, my life!" and was gaining rapidly on her flight when, at an ill-omened corner, where two corridors ended in an angle, at the head of a staircase, he came into sudden and violent contact with Mr. Toobad, and they both plunged together to the foot of the stairs, like two billiard-balls into one pocket. This gave the young lady time to escape and enclose herself in her chamber; while Mr. Toobad, rising slowly and rubbing his knees and shoulders, said: "You see, my dear Scythrop, in this little incident, one of the innumerable proofs of the temporary supremacy of the devil; for what but a systematic design and concurrent contrivance of evil could have made the angels of time and place coincide in our unfortunate persons at the head of this accursed staircase?"

"Nothing else, certainly," said Scythrop: "you are perfectly in the right, Mr. Toobad. Evil and mischief, and misery, and confusion, and vanity, and vexation of spirit, and death, and disease, and assassination, and war, and poverty, and pestilence, and famine, and avarice, and selfishness, and rancor, and jealousy, and spleen, and malevolence, and the disappointments of philanthropy, and the faithlessness of friendship, and the crosses of love—all prove the accuracy of your views, and the truth of your system; and it is not impossible that the infernal interruption of this fall down stairs may throw a color of evil on the whole of my future existence."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Toobad,

"you have a fine eye for consequences."

So saying he embraced Scythrop, who retired with a disconsolate step to dress for dinner; while Mr. Toobad stalked across the hall, repeating, "Woe to the inhabiters of the earth, and of the sea, for the devil is come among you, having great wrath."

The reconciliation of Scythrop to Marionetta is not difficult, but his ambitions, unfortunately, are not to be contented with one love at a time; and from attempting to keep up two at once he ends by being left with none. Upon this slender cord is hung a brilliant succession of scenes, now of slightly ridiculous but always graceful love-making, now of absurd incidents, and now of dialogue abounding in true comedy. Perhaps for pure fun there is nothing better in all the author's writings than the scene in which a conversation getting gradually more and more eerie in its character turns on ghosts. It is concluded by Mr. Flosky, the transcendentalist, who says: "I live in a world of ghosts! I see a ghost at this moment." As Mr. Flosky, uttering these words, fixes his eyes upon a door at the opposite end of the room, the door opens, and what the company takes to be a real ghost stalks through it. The melancholy Mr. Glowry himself might have been moved to laughter by reading of the catastrophe which follows, and which is concluded by Mr. Toobad jumping, in the extremity of his alarm, into the moat, where he is caught for a mermaid by Mr. Asterias and his son. There is an admirably ridiculous scene, in which Scythrop's faithlessness to Marionetta is exposed. When, after this, both the ladies with whom he has been in love give him up, he resolves to end his difficulties and his life, after the manner of Werter, with the aid of a pint of port and a pistol. As a matter of fact, however, he ends by ordering some Madeira. "Crotchet Castle" and "Gryll Grange" both belong to the class of "Nightmare Abbey." In both are found the same pretty thread of story, the same marvellous assemblage of curious people, the same bright wit, and the same scraps of out-of-the-way learning which never seem pedantic. In both, too, are found light graceful lyrics, easily and pleasantly introduced. In the writing of delicate, fanciful songs, Peacock has never been surpassed. "Gryll Grange" is remarkable, amongst other things, for a specimen of an imitation of the Aristophanic comedy.

Peacock's gift or skill as a song-writer is seen at its best in "The Misfortunes of Elphin" and in "Maid Marian," two works which may be classed together as dealing with the past instead of the present, and revelling in an exuberant and poetical fancy, instead of keeping to the themes suggested by modern follies and abuses. "The Misfortunes of Elphin" does indeed contain a political allusion, but that is the only tiresome part of it. The description of the drunken orgie in the halls of Seithenyn ap Seithenyn, and of the escape of the few sober persons present from the fury of the storm-flood which breaks in through the rotten walls, is admirable both for its humor and its picturesque power.

"Maid Marian" is perhaps the most brilliant of Peacock's novels. It presents every aspect of his genius. It is full of fun, of beauty, and of character. It has this advantage also over the novels of modern life, that the persons of its story are individuals rather than types. Friar Tuck, who appears first as Brother Michael of Rubygill Abbey, Baron Fitzwater, Sir Ralph, Little John, Robin and Marian themselves all leave an impression of their reality on the mind. The songs in this story are the best which Peacock wrote, and they arise from the dialogue in a manner which seems deliciously

natural. For instance, Brother Michael or Friar Tuck is pointing out to Sir Ralph the futility of thinking that the habits of Matilda Fitzwater and Robert Earl of Huntingdon can ever be changed, or their love for each other diminished. "They are twin plants of the forest," says Brother Michael, and are identified with its growth:—

For the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.
But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

"Maid Marian" is probably better known than any other of Peacock's works. There is a wonderful scent of the woods and their freedom and their gay tunefulness about this novel of an impossible life which the writer's spirit clothes with reality.

The Saturday Review.

TRADE ROUTES IN WAR TIME.

War has produced some curious anomalies i.. the world of shipping, and occasioned difficulties that were scarcely foreseen when Europe was at peace. Everywhere neutral vessels are enjoying what might vulgarly be called the time of their lives, getting wonderfully full cargoes and very profitable freights. Lines of steamers that had hitherto lived on what the marine of Great Britain and Germany did not want are having freight pressed on them, and leaving port loaded to their funnels with merchandise of their own or foreign shippers. Boats that would normally be considered old tubs are carrying enormously valuable cargoes from neutral countries, and shippers are in some cases finding considerable difficulty in obtaining cover from the insurance market. The war risk can always be managed, but when you have a boat that was built in the 'eighties loaded with a cargo that the P. and O. might envy it is not easy to get the ordinary risks of marine insurance covered in sufficient quantities. Some of the steamers now sailing from Italian ports are especially difficult propositions, and the cost of shipping is considerably increased by the high insurance premiums paid on them, apart altogether from the risk of war.

The position of these neutral steamers illustrates rather remarkably the curious changes which are taking place in the trade routes of the world, changes which will in the main prove temporary, but in some cases may remain even after the war is over. Leading ports have disappeared from active service, or been relegated to a secondary position, while shipping centres of minor importance have suddenly become places of great profit and activity. It is not possible to give exact details, but the broad changes are fairly clear.

So far as British ports are concerned things are taking pretty well their normal course, but even with us there are noteworthy changes, some of which may continue more or less indefinitely. In the first place, the balance has naturally tended to shift from the East to the West Coast, and both Manchester and Liverpool are, relatively speaking, gainers from the war. The absence of mines in the Irish Channel encourages shipping to take the West Coast route, and the "North about" course from Scandinavia to Liverpool is becoming more and more popular, partly because the insurance

premiums are rather lower. Southampton has been so much employed for transport that its commercial importance has been temporarily reduced, and Hull seems to become more and more of a naval as opposed to a mercantile port. Not all the East Coast ports, however, are affected in the same way, and there appears proportionately to be much greater commercial activity in the Tees, which is now more than usually important as a shipping centre. London is an active port, but little is heard of Bristol, which might have been expected to grow in importance from its favorable position in the South-West.

When we turn to the Continent the changes are far more remarkable, for here the trade routes have shifted hundreds of miles from the normal courses of peace. We may conceive of the trans-European traffic to the sea as a great stream running (roughly) East and West to the harbors of Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, the Black Sea, or the Baltic. That stream has suddenly been dammed, and the waters of trade, inwards and outwards, are divided, and flow North and South to find new outlets in safe ports or in neutral countries. Hamburg and Bremen are closed; Rotterdam is open, but has lost much of its through traffic. In some ways the Dutch ports are most favorably placed, but still they are suffering badly, and the shipping firms of Rotterdam complain rather bitterly of the contraband regulations imposed by our Government. Apart from the right of search exercised by the naval authorities, there has been some, no doubt inevitable, difficulty in the definition of conditional contraband —particularly with regard to the definition of "food stuffs"—and the loading of Dutch steamers has been delayed from this cause. At the same time, the trade between Great Britain and Holland is remarkably active, and for some reason the war seems to have increased the importance of London as an *entrepôt* for this Continental trade. Very large shipments of tea, for example, have been sent to Rotterdam in the past few weeks, and we can only presume that these exports are for Dutch consumption, and would normally have been shipped direct from Java. It is, however, believed that some of the goods shipped to Rotterdam are going up the Rhine, and finally through to Switzerland. Another example of London as an *entrepôt* is provided by the trade between France and other countries. Much of it that formerly went overland is now coming through London, which has in a wonderful way established its position as the clearing-house of the Continent. In view of the breakdown of the exchanges this fact is especially remarkable.

With the great ports of Eastern Europe, the Baltic, and the Black Sea, entirely closed or partially starved, trade, as we have said, tends to take a southern and a northern course, and finds its outlets northward in the ports of Scandinavia and Archangel, southwards largely in Genoa. In Scandinavia, Christiania and Gothenburg, which have hitherto sent much of their stuff to Hamburg for transhipment, are now doing a big direct trade with Great Britain and the outer world, and all the Norwegian and Swedish lines are extremely active. It looked at first as though this export trade originated in Germany, which was finding an outlet for her commerce through Scandinavia, but Swedish merchants declare that none of their exports are German merchandise, and that trade between German and Swedish ports has fallen to a minimum. A certain amount of shipping probably still goes on between Sweden and Finland, but it cannot be on a great scale, and it is concerned with local produce. With Archangel

trade remains active after the usual closing time has passed, as Russian imports and exports are temporarily diverted from the Baltic to this very difficult outlet in the White Sea. With the Baltic and the Black Sea closed Archangel is Russia's only port, and the unusual amount of shipping running to and from Archangel may perhaps have led to the "Russian" rumors that were so prevalent a month ago.

As Archangel, Christiania, and Gothenburg are the northern outlets, Genoa is the southern. Trieste is practically a closed port, while Marseilles is probably hampered by transport business and the congestion on the French railways. Genoa, on the other hand, is a neutral port and convenient for Swiss shippers, who usually send their goods to Trieste or down the Rhine to Rotterdam. Hence Italian and other steamers have been sailing from Genoa with very valuable cargoes for all parts of the world—England, Dutch East Indies, Africa, and even Scandinavia, and Italian shipowners have at least a pecuniary reason for urging on their Government the maintenance of neutrality. If Italy were at war and her army mobilized the export trade would come to an end and its profits disappear. The Swiss exporter, too, would find his only outlet practically shut, and his position would be no better than that of the German shipper. For this reason, if for no other, Switzerland must be watching Italian politics with considerable anxiety. If Italian ports ceased to be practical for shipping, the southern stream of European trade would need to look for another outlet, and it is not easy to see where that could be found.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The eight chapters of Dr. Washington Gladden's "Live and Learn" (The Macmillan Co.) were originally addressed as lectures to audiences of young men and women in colleges and universities, and they retain the form of direct address incident to platform presentation. They are intended to help young people to learn to think, to speak, to see, to hear, to give, to serve, to win and to wait,—all sufficiently important lessons for young and old. They are wise, practical and sympathetic.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty" (Mitchell Kennerley) is about as unconventional a travel-record as could be imagined. It tells the story of a tramp which the author took a couple of years ago, through Missouri, Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico, with a fixed determination "to have nothing to do with cities, railroads, money, baggage or fellow tramps." Sometimes he secured meals and lodging by working in the fields, and sometimes he offered in exchange certain "Rhymes to be Traded for Bread" which he carried with him. He describes his experiences with humorous frankness.

To "The Doctor's Little Girl Series" Marion Ames Taggart adds the story of "Nancy and the Coggs Twins" (The Page Co.). There are two pairs of twins,—all girls—and in the early chapters of the story they experience an abrupt transition, from the lot of girls working in a mill to that of favorites of fortune, revelling in an allowance of twenty-five thousand dol-

lars a year bestowed on them by a reluctant grandfather, and driving their own motor car. They are all of them past mistresses of slang, which may not seem excessive to young readers, but somewhat palls upon their elders. There are half a dozen spirited illustrations by John Goss.

Pauline Goldmark and Mary Hopkins, joint editors of "The Gypsy Trail" (Mitchell Kennerley) must have spent many delightful hours in searching among poets old and new for the material for this alluring anthology. The sub-divisions—The Call of the Open, Spring, The Joy of the Road, The Camp, Sunrise and Morning, The Wild Wood, Inland Waters, The Sea, The Hills, the Road to Elfland, Greek Echoes, Comradeship, The Pilgrim's Scrip, Evening, Night and Autumn—indicate the scope and range of the selections. They are taken from the ancients and the moderns, from English and American, and from French, German, Latin, and Greek sources. They are alive with the joy of out-of-doors, and they make a strong appeal to lovers of the fields and woods and hills. The book is daintily printed and bound and is of a size to slip easily into the pocket.

In his volume on "The Anti-Trust Act and the Supreme Court" ex-President William Howard Taft makes an important and timely contribution to the discussion of one of the most grave and critical of public questions. The book is of modest size and it is so clearly written as to be easily understood by lay readers. It presents a careful and dispassionate survey of the conditions which led to the enactment of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, and of the interpretations placed upon the law by the Supreme Court in such cases as those of the American Sugar Refining Company, the Meat Packers' Trust, the Standard Oil Trust and the American Tobacco Trust. Mr. Taft's attitude is judicial, and he writes from an intimate knowledge of all phases of the subject, gained while he was in a position of official responsibility with reference to it, and before and since. The conclusion which he reaches is that the decisions of the Supreme Court have made the Anti-Trust Act more and more valuable and have made the fear of the law much greater than it was; and that a change of the law in the direction of greater severity or more specific definition of criminal acts would be unwise. The reasoning by which he reaches this conclusion and the facts by which he buttresses it deserve careful consideration. Harper & Bros.

"Big Tremaine," by Marie Van Vorst (Little, Brown and Company), is heralded as "a story of Virginia," but the scene might have been laid as well in any other spot in which men and women possess a strong and unforgiving sense of honor. Fifteen years before the story opens John Tremaine had run away from home under circumstances which branded him as a thief. He returns from South Africa in the first chapter to pay off the heavy mortgages on the family estate and save it for his mother. The discovery of coal on the property tempts him to stay. He wins the affection and confidence of those who do not know his history and of two of those who do. He is offered the nomination to Congress and feels obliged to refuse. Two beautiful women struggle to win his affection, and to them he is dark, bitter, sardonic, brutal, and mysterious. The disclosure which finally clears his name is doubly a relief: because it ends an uncomfortable situation, and because the reader has grown so weary of hearing it hinted at on page after page that he

is glad to have it out in the open at last. Miss Van Vorst writes incisive dialogue that always penetrates and sometimes stings, and Chloe, John's old negro mammy, has a large, lovable soul; aside from these virtues, the chief interest of the book lies in the curious reversion of the modern hero to the type of masculinity which has brought down so much recent laughter on the head of Charlotte Brontë's Rochester.

The ordinary book of reference suggests itself for only the one purpose indicated in the phrase. There is something that one wishes to know more about; he turns to whatever book of reference covers that subject, looks up the right paragraph, closes the book and that is the end of it. But William S. Walsh's "Heroes and Heroines of Fiction in Modern Prose and Poetry" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), although primarily a book of reference, is something more. It is a book to browse through, even when one is not in quest of anything in particular. Mr. Walsh has not been content with compiling a mere list of leading characters in fiction. He presents a compact, running account of them,—their characteristics, the things they do, the things that happen to them, and their relations to the other characters in the story, together with critical estimates of their significance. Readers who recall stories or poems which they read long ago and who have a haunting but vague memory of the characters in them will find it a delight to look them up in this book. They will rarely look in vain, provided of course that the stories or poems in question were worth while, and their characters possessed of some individuality. The book may also well serve the purpose of a lure to reading, for, turning over its pages at random, one comes upon references, extracts and criticisms which tempt to a fuller reading of the tales and poems referred to. Mr. Walsh's range of selection is a wide one, covering three or four thousand "heroes and heroines."

To their series of "'True' Biographies and Histories" the J. B. Lippincott Company adds "The True Ulysses S. Grant" by General Charles King. General King has been known chiefly hitherto as a successful writer of fiction, and it is probably the experience thus gained which enables him to essay the serious work of a biographer in so cheerful a temper and to bring to it so much literary skill. It is not a perfect man whom he portrays, but a man who had obvious faults, combined with splendid qualities which made him one of the nation's heroes. Naturally, General King gives most space to Grant's military career; and wisely so, because that part of his career was the most successful. He came into the office of President without any adequate training for its functions, and if he made mistakes and sometimes followed the counsel of injudicious advisers it is not surprising. As for the business failures which were made in his later years, they were due to the fact that he was only a babe in finance and had a child's confidence in his advisers. But he never showed finer courage than when, in his later years and when suffering from a mortal disease, he gave himself strenuously to the writing of his "Memoirs" in the hope of retrieving the disappointments of Wall Street. General King has a good sense of proportion; and—which is in some ways more important—he has a gift for making his characters seem real. It is, therefore, a very real Grant who is disclosed in these pages. There are twenty-eight illustrations from photographs,—among them some rare portraits.